Fifty English Classics Briefly Outlined

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E. Hampton Jr.

Elizabeth Hampton
Ironwood Mich
December 10, '06.

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FIFTY ENGLISH CLASSICS BRIEFLY OUTLINED

BY

MELVIN HIX

Bachelor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University; Designer of "A Brief Outline of the Books I have Read," "A Brief Outline of My History Lessons"; and Compiler of "The Approved Selections for Supplementary Reading and Memorizing, Grades 1-8"

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE, PUBLISHERS

31-33-35 WEST 15TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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FOREWORD

THIS book is the result of an experience as a teacher and principal extending over more than a score of years and covering every grade of school work from the ungraded country school up to and through college preparatory work. It is built upon a plan which the writer has found useful and contains the material which he has found it most essential to have before him in written or printed form.

The plan is virtually that which is embodied in the writer's plan book entitled "A Brief Outline of the Books I have Read," and is made up largely of matter which he has brought together for his own use. This will account for differences as to treatment and fullness which will be observed in the different outlines. It has seemed best to leave most of them in the form in which they have been found useful. Further, it has seemed wise to give as much variety of form to the different outlines as was consistent with the uniformity of plan upon which the outlines have been put together. Uniformity with variety is a good motto.

It is hoped that these outlines will prove helpful to four classes of persons:

First. Those conscientious and devoted teachers who, from lack of early opportunity, feel the need of such assistance as this book aims to afford.

Second. Those teachers who, having had ample opportunities and training, yet by reason of the overcrowded condition of their classes and the burden of "papers" which bears so heavily upon teachers all over our land, will be glad to make use of the results of the labor of a fellow-teacher.

Third. All students and teachers who by reason of remoteness from libraries and educational institutions will be glad to have such a collection of quotations from authors and excerpts showing the opinions of critical authorities as to their style as is embodied in this book.

Fourth. That large and ever increasing host of private students of literature scattered all over our land, who, while eager to do genuine literary study, feel that they need the guidance of some plan which will render their work systematic, and therefore fruitful.

If to these four classes this book shall prove useful, the writer will feel himself amply repaid for the time and labor spent upon it.

MELVIN HIX.

New York, September 1, 1905.

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INTRODUCTION

TEACHERS of English are frequently obliged to do more or less supervisory work and to examine such masses of "papers" that, during the school year, they have little energy left for general reading. To save them the turning over of many books in order to refresh their memory as to dates and other matters of detail is one object of this book. Another object is to furnish a *plan* which will, it is hoped, aid them to systematize their note-taking and their teaching. It goes without saying that no teacher will make such a book as this a means of avoiding that general reading which is absolutely essential to success in teaching English literature. The object is rather to set the teacher free from a certain amount of pen drudgery, so that he may devote more time to productive reading.

It is generally agreed that a literary masterpiece should be gone over three times, once to obtain a general idea of it as a whole, a second time for the structure, and a third time for matters of detail and for consideration of the style. It is in the last two readings that this book will be found most useful.

Fiction, Dramas, and Narrative Poems

The matter given under this head has been divided into the following subheads: I. Introductory Notes,

II. Characters, III. Plot, IV. Quotations, V. Style, to which, in some cases, additional notes or remarks have been added.

I. INTRODUCTORY NOTES

Under this head will be found the dates of birth and death of the author. These fix his period. This is vitally important to a thorough understanding of his work. Every author is a product of the past, his background, and the present, his environment. What he does is based upon what others have done and are doing. Shakspere could hardly have written "Hamlet" in the reign of Charles II.; nor could Milton have written "Paradise Lost" till the great Puritan movement had run its course. Wordsworth, living in the age of Pope, could scarcely have written the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" or any other of his characteristic poems. Pope, living in the beginning of the nineteenth century, surely would have written quite otherwise than he did in the beginning of the eighteenth.

It is, therefore, vitally important that he who hopes to become, to any considerable degree, master of English Literature should fix in mind the chronology of the subject. Time was when to study literature meant little more than this. To-day we are, perhaps, too apt to neglect it.

Furthermore, history and literature are inseparably connected. Every social or political change, every war, and every great invention affects literature. There have been,

indeed, authors who have sought to free themselves from the influence of the present, to surround themselves with the atmosphere of antiquity, and to write wholly in the manner and the spirit of days gone by. They have never fully succeeded. On this fact, indeed, is based the whole theory of the "higher criticism" of the Bible, and of ancient literature. The student should, therefore, have on his desk, not only a good History of English Literature, but a good History of the British race, showing its development on both sides of the Atlantic. Probably, for the history of our cousins on the other side, no other work is so convenient and satisfactory as Green's "Short History of the English People." It is to be regretted that we have no American work which is quite so satisfactory as this.

History and literature being so closely connected, it seems unfortunate that they are not better correlated in many of our courses of study. However, a good beginning is being made along that line which will in time, it is likely, bring about a more satisfactory condition of things in this respect. At any rate, the private student may make his own correlation, greatly to the increase of his interest in, and knowledge of, both subjects. They are, indeed, rather one subject than two. Literature, rightly apprehended, gives more real knowledge of history than is generally acquired from the study of history *per se*.

Another important date given is that of the composition (where this is not possible, of publication) of the

masterpiece under consideration. This is important for two reasons: by an easy subtraction, it gives the author's age at the time of composition; and it enables us to ascertain exactly what was going on or had recently been going on in the world.

The author's age affects his work in three ways: it changes his knowledge, his point of view, and his style. A young man seldom writes like an old man, nor does an old man write like a middle-aged man. No better example of this can be given than Tennyson's two "Locksley Halls." Though no great writer ever wrote more evenly from early manhood to old age than Tennyson, the difference between these two strikingly illustrates the influence of age upon an author's work. Another good illustration can be found in Carlyle's works. The "Burns" given in this collection should be compared with the "French Revolution," or some other of his later works. The method of ascertaining the dates of Shakspere's plays is yet another example of what has been said. We are ignorant of the dates: therefore we study his style and his thought, as expressed in his works, and date them according to the development which we think we find in style and thought. It is a good exercise to set a class to "guessing" from the style and thought of a piece of literature whether the author was an old or a young man. The effect of age upon authorship would be more evident were it not for the habit which most great writers have had of suppressing or altering their

earlier works. This process tends to eliminate the callowness of youth and set all of an author's works nearly on the plane of his latest.

The importance of understanding the immediate surroundings among which a work was produced can be seen in studying the "Vision of Sir Launfal." From reading it no one would be likely to think that the slavery question entered into it. Yet a careful reading of Lowell's prose work will disclose the fact that in that question lay the germ of the "Vision." The leper is none other than the downtrodden slave; the knight, the haughty defender of slavery, who would learn the lesson of the brotherhood of man and the Christian equality of all men only through suffering.

Yet another date given among the Introductory Notes is that of the time of the action. This again furnishes another point of connection with history. Students should read "Julius Cæsar" while they study the Roman history of that period. Many interesting comparisons can be made between the characters and actions as set forth in the two forms. The result will be to lend interest and reality to both. In like manner, "Ivanhoe" will give a clearer idea of the relations between Normans and Saxons than can be acquired from the ordinary compendiums in use in our schools. Even works which have little historical accuracy may be so taught as to aid in the understanding of the period in which their action is supposed to have taken place.

Of the importance of the "scene of a narrative" it is unnecessary to speak.

II. CHARACTERS

Every student of a masterpiece of narration should, after the first reading, make a list of the characters of any considerable importance. Generally there are two or three who stand out so clearly that there will be little dispute about their rank. Often, in regard to the relative rank of these, considerable discussion may arise, as in the case of "Julius Cæsar." Critics will probably never agree as to whether Cæsar or Brutus should be ranked first. The writer's opinion is that, when read thoughtfully, Cæsar, by reason of his influence over the whole course of the action, is the more important character; when, however, the play is acted, the character of Brutus stands out so prominently that it seems certain that he is the chief character. "Ivanhoe," too, furnishes another example of works in which it is difficult to get all members of a class to agree upon the relative rank of different characters.

In his reading of works of narration the writer has found that about six characters are often found whose importance is greater than that of the others. He has, therefore, generally classed the principal and subordinate characters in groups of six, joining others closely connected with them. The matter of chief importance is that pupils should form their own opinions as to the relative importance of characters and be able to give arguments in support thereof.

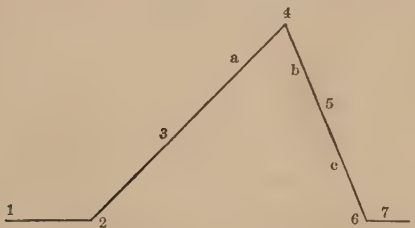
The writer expects the users of this book to do the same, regardless of the order in which they are here set down. It will often be quite sufficient to direct pupils to select the six chief characters and disregard the others.

III. PLOT

All narratives may be roughly classed under three heads: *first*, those which have no plot, being merely a succession of incidents bound together, perhaps, by the presence of a single character; *second*, those which have an imperfect, abbreviated, or obscure plot; *third*, those which have a clear and well-developed plot.

For the benefit of those who do not have access to complete works on the subject the following explanation of plot structure is given: —

A clear and well-developed plot consists of (1) an *introduction;* (2) an *exciting cause* (or *moment*), sometimes



called the *impelling motive;* (3) a *rising action*, often called the *complication;* (4) a *climax*, or turning point of the

action; (5) a *falling action*, often called the *resolution;* and (6) a *catastrophe*, or *dénouement*, to which many authors add (7) a *conclusion*, in which all of the important characters are finally disposed of. To these are often added (*a*) a *prelude to the climax*, (*b*) a *tragic moment* or *force*, and (*c*) the *moment* or *force of final suspense*. Few plots contain all of these clearly developed. This outline applies more strictly to tragedies, but can with modifications be applied to any other form of narrative. The best example of a fully developed plot which will be found in the following outlines is that of "Hamlet."

(1) The Introduction

The chief business of the *introduction* is to lead naturally up to the exciting moment or force. To do this effectively it must make known to the reader or spectator the time and the place of the action, the nationality and circumstances in the life of the hero or heroine; in short, it must place the chief characters in the proper environment, create an "atmosphere," and indicate the peculiar mood of the play, novel, or poem.

(2) The Exciting Force or Moment

At the end of the *introduction* the *exciting moment* or *force* appears. It is the *impelling motive* or *feeling* that becomes the cause of the action which follows; or it is the point at which the forces opposed to the hero do something which compels him to act.

(3) The Complication

From this point the *rising action* begins. From it, the mystery deepens, or the interest increases through a series of steps or movements ascending more or less rapidly to the climax. In this part may be introduced new characters of considerable importance for whom place could not be found in the introduction.

(4) The Climax

The *climax*, or turning point, of a plot is the point where the fortunes of the hero or heroine change. If the chief character has been fortunate during the rising action, luck now changes for the worse; if unfortunate, for the better. The climax is not always easy to fix exactly. It is often only after the resolution has proceeded for some time that we can turn back and locate the exact point at which the change occurred. Sometimes it is scarcely possible to do this till we see how the story ends. Sometimes it cannot be fixed at any exact point, but is spread, so to speak, over several scenes or chapters. In some plots, on the other hand, it is so emphasized, so clearly brought out, that we feel certain, the moment we have read the chapter or witnessed the scene, that we have reached the turning point of the action.

(a) *The Prelude and* (b) *the Tragic Moment or Force*

Closely attached to the climax we frequently find a *prelude*, which foreshadows the action of the climax, and

a *tragic moment* or *force* which develops out of it, and more or less clearly foretells the catastrophe.

(5) The Resolution

The tragic moment or force may be properly called the beginning of the *falling action* or *resolution*. In this part, the forces which the author has set in motion in the preceding part of the narrative drive the hero or heroine onward to the final solution of the plot. As the figure (p. xiii) indicates, this part of the plot is generally shorter than the complication. The author does not in most cases introduce any new characters unless they are of minor importance.

(c) *The Force or Moment of Final Suspense*

At or near the end of the resolution, the author often introduces what is known as the *force* or *moment of final suspense*. This is some retardation of the action, some brief interruption or change in the course of events, which seems to indicate a result different from that which actually follows. In a tragedy, the reader or spectator is made to feel that the hero may, after all, escape destruction; in a comedy, that a tragic outcome is probable.

(6) The Catastrophe

Closely following the moment of final suspense comes the *catastrophe*, which settles the fate of the chief characters. In the best plots, this is merely the logical result of

the preceding course of the action, and must be in harmony with the characters as shown or developed in the piece. However much the writer attempts mystification, the experienced reader can generally foretell its nature long before it is reached, often even after the first few scenes or chapters.

(7) The Conclusion

After the catastrophe or *dénouement* proper many writers add a *conclusion*, which explains the fate of some or all of the characters more fully than has been done before. This seldom happens in dramas, but not infrequently in other forms of narration.

All that has been said about plots is subject to modification when applied to any particular piece. An element of a perfect plot may be entirely omitted or so obscurely given that it is impossible to place it exactly. Some parts, *e.g. the exciting cause, the complication, climax, resolution,* are so important that they can scarcely be omitted, except in narratives of the picaresque form, — the plotless narrative, — without destroying the claim of the piece to be classed as literature at all.

Since it has not been found expedient to indicate all of these parts in the "Outlines," the following examples are given: —

"Julius Cæsar"

1. *Introduction.* — The street scenes.

2. *The Exciting Moment and Cause.* — Cassius sounding Brutus.

3. *The Complication.* — Scenes leading up to the assassination.

(a) *The Prelude to the Climax.* — This is distributed through the complication, but appears finally when Artemidorus offers his scroll and in the reply of the Soothsayer.

4. *The Climax.* — The assassination.

(b) *The Tragic Force.* — Antony's oration.

5. *The Resolution.* — Scenes leading to Brutus' suicide.

(c) *The Moment of Final Suspense.* — Brutus explains his repugnance to suicide.

6. *Catastrophe.* — Death of Brutus.

7. *Conclusion.* — Antony's speech over Brutus' body.

"The House of the Seven Gables"

The Central Theme is the influence of heredity, which is brought out in —

1. *The Introduction,* which leads up to the —

2. *Exciting Moment,* which is the opening of the shop.

3. *The Complication,* extending to chapters 13–14.

(a) *The Prelude to the Climax.* — Indefinite.

4. *The Climax* is where Holgrave half-mesmerizes Phœbe.

(b) *The Tragic Moment* is the Judge's demand.

5. *The Resolution* extends from Phœbe's departure to the catastrophe.

(c) *The Moment of Suspense* occurs when Hepzibah tries to prevent the Judge from seeing Clifford.

6. *The Catastrophe* is the death of Judge Pyncheon.
7. *The Conclusion* is the rest of the book.

It must be remembered that, in applying the laws of plot structure to fiction and narrative poems, considerable allowance must be made. The various parts are not apt to be so definitely fixed as in the drama. In non-dramatic narratives the author has greater freedom than in dramatic. The proportion of parts is less commonly observed. The writer may explain and enlarge upon what the dramatic writer must either leave to the imagination of the audience or present in its most compact form. He may begin *in medias res* and have one of the characters relate what has preceded, or may himself narrate it more or less directly.

IV. QUOTATIONS

It has been the writer's aim, in selecting the quotations given in the "Outlines," to choose matter which has an important bearing on the structure of the piece and at the same time exhibits the author's style as well as may be in so small a space. For example, the quotation given in the "Outline" of "Ivanhoe" states the central idea of the book, — the relations existing at that time between the Saxons and the Normans and Jews. In it, teachers and students will find a valuable hint as to sources from which modern English has developed. The best example of "quotations" which aid in the understanding of the structure will be found in the outline of "Vanity Fair."

V. STYLE

Under this head students will find, in most of the outlines, a considerable number of quotations giving the opinions of able critics as to the style of the author. These have been selected so far as may be so as to have an immediate bearing upon the particular piece under consideration. Where this is not possible they apply to the author's style in general. In a few cases, the writer has given his own opinion. This has always been based upon the opinions of prominent critics, whose words would have been used had they lent themselves readily to quotation.

It is believed that students and teachers will find this part of the book particularly useful as affording a point of departure for their own study of style. The fact is, that any statement as to style that is not based upon a general consensus of opinion, is not worth much. Every one knows how far from the mark were the contemporary estimates of the style of Wordsworth, Byron, and Keats.

So much of what has been said above applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the outlines of Essays and Orations and Lyric Poetry that a treatment of them in detail seems unnecessary.

The writer wishes, however, to say a few words to those who may use this book in connection with "**A Brief Outline of Books I Have Read.**" This book is intended for teachers and mature students. The "Outlines" are,

therefore, much fuller and more detailed than can be expected of ordinary students. They will, it is believed, materially aid the teacher in helping the student to that further condensation which is necessary if he is to gain a firm grasp of a masterpiece as a whole. This wholeness of grasp is the chief end to be sought in teaching any piece of literature and the one thing too often neglected. It can, in many cases, be sufficiently obtained if students record only the chief divisions and the main events or arguments.

In conclusion, the writer submits these outlines to his fellow-teachers and fellow-students in the hope that they may prove helpful both in the study and in the class room.

DRAMAS

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SHAKSPERE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR"

Author

William Shakspere

Born 1564 *Died* 1616

Kind of Book. Drama — Tragedy

Scene. Rome — Sardis — Philippi

Time. 44–42 B.C.

When Written. 1600–1603

Principal Characters

1. Julius Cæsar and Calpurnia, his wife.
2. Octavius Cæsar.
3. Mark Antony.
4. Brutus and Portia, his wife.
5. Cassius.
6. Casca.

Subordinate Characters

1. A Soothsayer.
2. Artemidorus.
3. Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, senators.
4. Decius Brutus, Trebonius, Metellus Cimber, and other conspirators.
5. Flavius and Marullus, tribunes.
6. Lucius, Dardanus, Pindarus, servants.

PLOT

Rising Action — Complication

1. During Cæsar's triumphal entry into Rome, Antony three times offers him a crown, which he refuses. A soothsayer bids him "beware the Ides of March."

2. The envious Cassius adroitly works upon the patriotism of Brutus to induce him to join the conspiracy against Cæsar.

3. Cassius and his fellow-conspirators visit Brutus, who joins them.

4. Calpurnia, by reason of her own ominous dreams and the strange sights reported to her, persuades Cæsar to remain at home.

5. Just as he decides to do so a number of the conspirators enter and persuade him to go.

6. On his way to the Capitol he again meets the Soothsayer, who warns him that the Ides of March are not yet gone. Artemidorus desires him to read a paper warning him against the conspirators. As it is represented as a matter personal to Cæsar, he postpones doing so and enters the Capitol surrounded by the conspirators.

Climax

Shouting "Liberty," "Freedom," "Tyranny is dead," the conspirators stab him to death. ("Et tu, Brute.")

Falling Action — Resolution

1. Antony asks and obtains permission to bury Cæsar — his soliloquy over the corpse.
2. Brutus speaks to the multitude. Antony follows with his famous oration.
3. The Triumvirs (Antony — Octavius — Lepidus) meet at Antony's house.
4. Brutus and Cassius quarrel. They hear of the death of Cicero.
5. The ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus in his tent.
6. Brutus and Cassius meet Octavius and Antony before the battle.
7. Brutus and Cassius are defeated and die by their own swords.
8. Antony's speech over Brutus' body.

Quotations

"Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

* * * * * *

"Now in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?"

* * * * * *

"This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; all the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"

Style

"Everything is wrought out in the play with great care and completeness; it is well planned and well proportioned; there is no tempestuousness of passion and no artistic mystery. The style is full, but not overburdened with thought or imagery; this is one of the most perfect of Shakspere's plays; greater tragedies are less perfect, perhaps for the very reason that they try to grasp greater, more terrible, or more piteous themes." *Dowden.*

This play is especially full of balances and contrasts: —

Brutus *vs.* Cassius.
Antony *vs.* Octavius.
Portia *vs.* Calpurnia.
Calpurnia and Cæsar *vs.* Portia and Brutus.
The Conspirators *vs.* The Triumvirs.
Brutus and Lucius in orchard *vs.* Brutus and Lucius in tent.
The Soothsayer *vs.* The Ghost.
Brutus' Speech *vs.* Antony's Oration, etc.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SHAKSPERE'S "MACBETH"

Author

William Shakspere

Born 1564 *Died* 1616

Kind of Book. Drama — Tragedy

Scene. Scotland — England

Time. 1040 (Edward the Confessor)

When Written. 1606

Principal Characters

1. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.
2. Duncan, the King.
3. Malcolm, the King's son.
4. Banquo and his son, Fleance.
5. Macduff, Lady Macduff, and son.
6. The Weird Sisters.

Subordinate Characters

1. The Porter.
2. Siward, the English General, and son.
3. The Murderers.
4. Seyton, officer of Macbeth.
5. A Scotch Doctor.
6. Ross, Lennox, and other Noblemen.

Preliminary Events

1. The meeting with the Weird Sisters.
2. The assassination of Duncan in Macbeth's castle.
3. The flight of the King's sons.
4. The coronation of Macbeth.
5. The murder of Banquo and the escape of Fleance.

Climax

The apparition of Banquo at the banquet, Act III., scene iv., line 50.

"Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me."

Concluding Events

1. Macbeth's visit to the Weird Sisters — the prophecy.
2. Flight of Macduff and the murder of his wife and children.
3. The approach of Malcolm's army — the moving wood.
4. The announcement of Lady Macbeth's insanity and death.
5. The battle and the death of Macbeth.

Quotations

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other." . . .

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

"But screw your courage up to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail."

Style

"Shakspere has employed in the treatment of this subject a style that suits it — vehement to violence, compressed to congestion — figures treading upon each other's heels, while general philosophic reflections occur but rarely. It is a style eminently fitted to express and awaken terror; its tone is not altered, but only softened, even in the painfully touching conversation between Lady Macduff and her little son."

"Macbeth is simply the tragedy of ambition."

"The play centers entirely around the two chief characters, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. The other characters are only outlined."

"Shakspere's most popular tragedy — his typical one."

"Simple in composition, it keeps to the same plane."

"The abnormal shortness of the play." *Brandes.*

"She [Lady Macbeth] is a terrible impersonation of evil passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathy; for she remains a woman to the last, and is always linked with her sex and with humanity."

Mrs. Jameson.

"Shakspere in his delineation of Macbeth's character does not mean to represent him as a noble nature turned from virtue to vice by demoniac agency. His is the higher conception that a soul which has commenced to surrender to evil will find in the powers of darkness agencies ready to expedite its descent, it matters not what form these agencies assume." *Moulton.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SHAKSPERE'S "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Author

William Shakspere

Born 1564 *Died* 1616

Kind of Book. Comedy

Scene. Italy — Venice — Belmont

Time. Indefinite (1500–1600)

When Written. 1590

Principal Characters

1. Shylock, a Jew.
2. Antonio, a merchant of Venice.
3. Bassanio, a gentleman of Venice.
4. Portia, a wealthy lady dwelling at Belmont.
5. Gratiano, a friend to Bassanio, and Nerissa, maid of Portia.
6. Lorenzo, a friend to Bassanio, and Jessica, Shylock's daughter.

Subordinate Characters

1. The Duke of Venice.
2. Tubal, a friend to Shylock.
3. Lancelot Gobbo, the clown, and his father.

4. The Princes of Morocco and Arragon, suitors to Portia.

5. Salanio, Salarino, Salerio, Venetian gentlemen.

6. Servants, officers, etc.

PLOT

Preliminary Events — Complication

1. The signing of the bond.

2. The supper — Jessica elopes with Lorenzo.

3. Bassanio departs for Belmont.

4. Portia and Nerissa — the suitor princes and the caskets.

Climax

Bassanio chooses the right casket.

Concluding Events — Resolution

1. The news of Antonio's ruin and danger.

2. The double wedding — Bassanio and Portia — Gratiano and Nerissa.

3. The two rings — Bassanio and Gratiano depart for Venice.

4. The trial — Shylock obstinately insists upon the letter of the bond.

5. Portia appears disguised as a young lawyer.

6. Shylock's discomfiture — the two rings.

7. At Belmont again — the quarrel over the rings.

8. Explanation — Reconciliation.

Quotations

"*Shylock.* He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

"*Portia.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

Style

"With the earlier comedies it ("The Merchant of Venice") is allied by the frequent rhymes, the occasional doggerel verse, and the numerous classical allusions. . . . With the later group of comedies 'The Merchant of Venice' stands connected by its centering the interest of the drama in the development of character, and by the variety, depth, and beauty of the characterization. No person depicted in any preceding comedy can compare in vigor of drawing and depth of color with Shylock; and Portia is the first of Shakspere's women who unites, in beautiful proportion, intellectual power, high and refined, with unrestrained ardor of the heart. . . . She has herself never known trouble or sorrow, but prosperity has left her generous and quick in sympathy. . . .

"Shylock is not a preternatural monster. Wolflike as

his revenge shows him, we pity his joyless, solitary life; and when, ringed round in the trial scene with hostile force, he stands firm upon his foothold of the law, there is something sublime in his tenacity of passion and resolve.

"Bassanio is ennobled in our eyes by his choice; for the gold, silver, and lead of the caskets, with their several inscriptions, are a test of true lovers. Bassanio does not come as a needy adventurer to choose the golden casket, or to 'gain' or 'get' anything, but in the true spirit of self-abandoning love, 'to give,' not 'to get,' and 'hazard all he hath'; and having dared to give all, he gains all.

"The lyrical boy-and-girl love of Lorenzo and Jessica brings out by contrast the grave and glad earnestness of Portia's love and Bassanio's." *Dowden.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SHAKSPERE'S "HAMLET"

Author

William Shakspere

Born 1564 *Died* 1616

Kind of Book. Drama — Tragedy

Scene. Elsinore, Denmark *Time.* 1012

When Written. 1603 (Printed)

Principal Characters

1. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.
2. The Ghost of his father.
3. Claudius, uncle of Hamlet, and King of Denmark.
4. Gertrude, Hamlet's mother.
5. Horatio, a friend of Hamlet.
6. Polonius, and his children — Ophelia and Laertes.

Subordinate Characters

1. Bernardo and Marcellus, officers.
2. Rosencrans and Guildenstern, courtiers.
3. Voltimand, Cornelius, and Osric, courtiers.
4. Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
5. The Players.
6. Grave-diggers, Servants, Soldiers, English Ambassadors, etc.

PLOT

Preliminary Events — Complication

Introduction

1. The Key-note. — The appearance of the Ghost upon the platform.
2. The Exposition.
    1. *Chief Scene.* — The king, queen, and Hamlet converse.
    2. *Continuation Scene.* — Hamlet alone. (O, that this too solid flesh, etc.)
    3. *Connecting Scene.* — Hamlet informed of the appearance of the Ghost.
    4. *Accessory Scene.* — The departure of Laertes.

The Exciting Force

1. *Introductory Key-note.* — The expectation of the Ghost.
2. *Chief Scene.* — The appearance of the Ghost to Hamlet.
3. *Transition Scene.* — Hamlet swears his friends to silence.

The Ascending Action

First Stage.

1. *Expository Scene.* — Polonius sends messages to Laertes.
2. *Introductory Scene.* — Polonius inquires of Ophelia concerning Hamlet.
3. *Chief Scene.* — Polonius explains Hamlet's condition to the king.
4. *Transition Scenes.* —
   a. Rosencrans and Guildenstern set to spy on Hamlet.
   b. Voltimand and Cornelius bring peaceful news from Norway.

Second Stage.

1. *Introductory Scene.* — Polonius, the queen, and the king discuss Hamlet's condition.
2. *Interpolated Comic Scene.* — Hamlet's wit against Polonius' wisdom.
3. *Chief Scenes.* —
   a. Rosencrans and Guildenstern converse with Hamlet; he grows suspicious; news of the players.
   b. Hamlet, Polonius, and the actors.
4. *Transition Scene.* — Hamlet alone; he soliloquizes; determines to test the king with the play.

THIRD STAGE.

1. *Introductory Scenes.* —
   a. Rosencrans and Guildenstern report to the king and queen. They plot to test Hamlet by spying upon a meeting with Ophelia.
   b. Hamlet soliloquizes. ("To be, or not to be.")
2. *Chief Scene.* — Hamlet and Ophelia.
3. *Transition Scene.* — The king tells Polonius his suspicions and plots to send Hamlet abroad.

FOURTH STAGE.

1. *Introductory Scene.* — Hamlet discusses the play with the actors.
2. *Chief Scene.* — The play.
3. *Transition Scenes.* —
   a. Hamlet and Horatio.
   b. Rosencrans and Guildenstern summon Hamlet to the queen.
   c. Hamlet with Rosencrans, Guildenstern, and the players.
   d. Hamlet and Polonius.
   e. Hamlet soliloquizes.

Prelude to the Climax

The king determines to send Hamlet abroad.

Climax

The king prays. Hamlet hesitates.

Tragic Force or Incident

1. *Chief Scene.* — Hamlet kills Polonius.
2. *Transition Scene.* — Hamlet's arraignment of the queen; the Ghost again appears.

Concluding Events — Resolution

First Stage.

1. *Introductory Scene.* — King and queen. The king informed of Polonius' death.
2. *Chief Scene.* — The king and Hamlet.

Second Stage.

1. *Introductory Scene.* — Hamlet and Fortinbras meet.
2. *Chief Scene.* — Ophelia's madness; Laertes' demand for revenge.
3. *A Side Scene.* — Hamlet's letter to Horatio.

Third Stage.

1. *Chief Scene.* — The king and Laertes discuss Hamlet's death.
2. *Transition Scene.* — The queen announces Ophelia's death.

Fourth Stage.

1. *Introductory Scene.* — Hamlet and the grave-diggers.
2. *Chief Scene.* — Hamlet and Laertes at Ophelia's grave.
3. *Transition Scene.* — Apparent reconciliation of Hamlet and Laertes.

Catastrophe

Introduction. — Hamlet and Horatio — hatred of the king.

Transition. — The announcement of Osric.

Chief Scene. — The killing: king — queen — Laertes — Hamlet.

Conclusion. — Arrival of Fortinbras.

Note. — This outline is based upon that of Freytag. Many authorities differ as to the climax. They place it at the play within the play scene.

Quotations

"*Hamlet.* To be, or not to be, — that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, — to sleep, —
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to sleep, —
To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied over with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. —"

* * * * * * *

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of this world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quin-

tessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so."

Style

"Hamlet" exhibits Shakspere's style at its highest level. His unerring choice of apt words, his ingenious combinations of them, his phrase-making power, his skill in adapting his language to the mouth into which he puts it, his inimitable power of handling illuminating imagery are such as probably no writer of any language has ever equalled.

This play likewise displays his unrivalled power of creating characters which seem really alive. This power is not limited to any one class or grade of society. Hamlet is doubtless as real to us to-day as Queen Elizabeth. It requires an effort to remember that he is really only a stage character. Moreover, he has affected, — influenced, — the world exactly as if he were a historical character, — Germans, Poles, Danes, and Frenchmen all see in Hamlet an idealization of their own characters. Hamlet, the prince, is not better drawn than Polonius, the man of experience, of worldly wisdom, which goes, after all, only skin deep, — is purely conventional, purely superficial. In creating character, Shakspere seems to work from within outward, not as dramatists of a lower grade, from without inward.

"The name of Shakspere is the greatest in all literature."
Hallam.

"And when the Ghost has vanished, who is it we see standing before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A born prince, feeling himself favoured in being summoned to punish the usurper of his crown? No! Amazement and sorrow overwhelm the solitary young man; he becomes bitter against smiling villains, swears never to forget the departed, and concludes with the significant ejaculation: —

> "'The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!'

In these words, I imagine, is the key to Hamlet's whole procedure, and to me it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it." *From Goethe's* "Wilhelm Meister."

"What evidence is there, then, for saying that Hamlet was weak, irresolute, cowardly? When he hears that his father's spirit is in arms he resolves to watch for it: he crosses its path and addresses it at the risk of being blasted: not setting his life at a pin's fee, he disregards the warnings of his companions, throws them off when they seek to restrain him, and puts himself in the power of the dread figure without knowing whether it comes from heaven or from hell. . . . He is for a moment astounded and staggered at the monstrosity of the crime. But why does he not recover himself, rush off, and despatch his uncle at once, or at least rouse the people as Laertes afterwards did when his father was killed, and be-

sieged the palace? Was not this consideration paralysing action? Most undoubtedly, consideration here interposed between impulse and action; but we do not call that weakness, irresolution, or cowardice. We call it a proof of strength to refrain from rushing intemperately into action. . . .

"But why does Hamlet still delay when he has received strong confirmation from the play? He gets an opportunity: he comes upon his uncle kneeling in prayer: why does he withhold? Not from fear: not from irresolution: but from cold iron determination sure of its victim and resolved not to strike till the most favourable moment. He is tempted to the weakness of yielding to impulse; but he holds back with inflexible strength. His words are instinct with the most iron energy of will." *Minto.*

"Shakspere has no peculiarity, no importunate topic; but all is duly given; no views, no curiosities; no cow-painter, no bird-fancier, no mannerist is he; he has no discoverable egotism; the great he tells greatly, the small, subordinately. He is wise without emphasis or assertion; he is strong, as nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the same rule as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other. This makes that equality of power in farce, tragedy, narrative, and love-songs; a merit so incessant that each reader is incredulous of the perception of other readers." *Emerson.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF MILTON'S "COMUS"

Author

John Milton

Born 1608 *Died* 1665

Classification. Drama — Masque

Scene. Indefinite *Time.* Indefinite — Remote past

When Written. 1634

Principal Characters

1. The Lady.
2. Comus and his crew.
3. The Attendant Spirit.

Subordinate Characters

1. First Brother.
2. Second Brother.
3. The river nymph, Sabrina.

PLOT

Complication

1. The soliloquy of the Attendant Spirit.
2. Comus and his crew enter and dance riotously.
3. The Lady, having lost her way, enters.
4. Comus dismisses his crew and meets the Lady.
5. The Brothers enter (Comus and Lady gone).
6. Attendant Spirit meets the Brothers.

Climax

The Lady refuses to drink the magic potion.

Comus. "She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power."

Events in the Resolution

1. The Brothers rush in, disperse the train of Comus, Comus escapes.
2. The invocation of Sabrina.
3. Sabrina, attended by water nymphs, appears and breaks the spell.
4. The Lady and her Brothers presented to their father and mother.
5. The epilogue spoken by the Attendant Spirit.

Quotations

"I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
* * * * * * *
To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say; — yet to what end?
Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity.
* * * * * * *

Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.
Yet, should I try, the uncontroll'd worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head."

Style

Comus, while dramatic in form, is lyric in quality; "the melody of his smooth-flowing verses carries the reader to heights to which the thought alone could never lead." "In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique among us. No one else in English literature possesses the like distinction."

"The Comus is framed on the model of the Italian Masque. . . . It is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. . . . The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured by their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music.

"Milton's poetry acts like an incantation. . . . The names he uses are charmed names. . . . Change the structure of the sentence; substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed." *Macaulay.*

"But on this slight and little 'incidented' theme, while treating even the characters symbolically and typically rather than as individuals, Milton has contrived to broider the most exquisite tissue of poetry, both in blank verse and lyric measures. Nothing like the former had yet been seen. . . . The redundant syllable is indeed rather abused, and it is in this, and this only, that 'Comus' is inferior to 'Paradise Lost.'" *Saintsbury.*

"That Milton, of all our English race, is by his diction and rhythm the one artist of the highest rank in the great style whom we have; this I take as requiring no discussion, this I take as certain." *Matthew Arnold.*

ON MILTON

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the other two.

Dryden.

FICTION

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THACKERAY'S "HENRY ESMOND"

Author

William Makepeace Thackeray

Born 1811 *Died* 1863

Kind of Book. Historical Novel (or Romance)

Scene. England — The Continent *Time.* 1676–1714

When Written. 1852

Principal Characters

1. Henry Esmond.
2. Rachel Esmond, Viscountess Castlewood.
3. Francis Esmond, Sr., Viscount Castlewood.
4. Francis Esmond, Jr., Viscount Castlewood.
5. Beatrix Esmond, his sister.
6. The Old Pretender.

Subordinate Characters

1. Father Holt, Jesuit conspirator.
2. Lord Mohun.
3. Thomas Esmond, Henry Esmond's father.
4. Isabel Esmond, Thomas Esmond's wife.
5. Steele, Addison, Swift, etc.
6. Lord Ashburton, Hamilton, etc.

PLOT

Preliminary Events — Complication

Henry Thomas is taken from London to Castlewood, where he is called Henry Esmond and is led to believe that he is the illegitimate son of Thomas Esmond.

He is placed under the tutelage of Father Holt, a Jesuit, and in his childish way becomes cognizant of the plots of the friends of James II. against William and Mary. His father and Holt attempt to raise the country in favor of James, but are foiled. His father escapes to Ireland and is killed at the Boyne.

Castlewood passes into the hands of Francis Esmond, by whom and Rachel, his wife, little Harry is kindly used and educated with their children, Beatrix and Frank. Harry has the misfortune to bring the small-pox into the family; he, Frank, and his mother have it, while the father and Beatrix leave the house and escape.

After the father's return, an estrangement grows up between the husband and wife. His mistress sends Harry to Cambridge, where he passes some years.

Upon his return, he finds that a Lord Mohun is winning the husband's money and attempting to win the wife. He takes Lord Mohun for a ride on the Downs and rebukes him. They are upset and both injured. Lady Castlewood is greatly agitated at the news that "Harry" is killed. Lord Mohun's name is Harry, and my lord becomes jealous.

My lord arranges his affairs, follows Mohun to London, fights with him, and is slain.

Climax

On his death-bed, Francis Esmond informs Harry that he is the true Viscount Castlewood. Harry decides to conceal the fact.

Concluding Events — Resolution

For his part in the duel, Harry is thrown into prison, where Lady Castlewood visits and reproaches him bitterly and will afterward (she says) have naught to do with him. The Dowager, Isabel, knowing his secret, takes him up.

He joins the expedition to Spain, and on his return visits Lady Castlewood at Walcote. A reconciliation takes place. He falls in love with Beatrix, who cares naught for him.

He serves several campaigns and meets Holt, who tells him his mother's story and shows him her grave. He still dangles attendance upon Beatrix, who, meanwhile, is engaged to several noblemen.

Harry plans to bring over the Pretender in disguise as Frank E., and place him on the throne. The Prince falls in love with Beatrix and, when she is sent away, follows her, thus losing his chance.

The two Esmonds follow him, break their swords in his presence, and renounce his service. A reconciliation takes place, and they return just in time to hear George I. proclaimed.

Beatrix follows the Prince to the continent. Harry marries Rachel Esmond and emigrates to America.

Quotations

"Fortune, good or ill, as I take it, does not change men and women. It but develops their characters. As there are a thousand thoughts lying within a man that he does not know till he takes up the pen to write, so the heart is a secret even to him (or her) who has it in his own breast. Who hath not found himself surprised into revenge, or action, or passion for good or evil; whereof the seeds lay within him, latent and unsuspected until the occasion called them forth?"

"A man gets his own experience about women and will take nobody's hearsay; nor, indeed, is the young fellow worth a fig that would. 'Tis I that am in love with my mistress, not my old grandmother that counsels me; 'tis I that have fixed the value of the thing I would have, and know the price I would pay for it. It may be worthless to you, but 'tis all my life to me. Had Esmond possessed the Great Mogul's crown and all his diamonds, or all the Duke of Marlborough's money, or all the ingots sunk at Vigot, he would have given them all for this woman. A fool he was if you will, but, for a certain time of his life, the sole object and aim (was) a woman."

"From one of these doors, a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix — the light falling indeed upon the scarlet riband which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world. She was beyond the common height. Her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark; her hair curling

with rich undulations and waving over her shoulders, but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin were large and full, her shape was perfect symmetry, and her motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace; there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful."

Style

"As a work of art 'Esmond' is Thackeray's masterpiece; as the reproduction of a past age — as a historical novel — it is unrivalled. . . . The way in which Thackeray enters into the spirit as well as the letter of the times he describes, is wonderful." *R. H. Stoddard.*

"His scenes never seem invented. They come to pass." *Parke Godwin.*

"Mr. Thackeray indulges in the bad practice of commenting on his dramatis personæ." *Edinburgh Review.*

"The greatest master of pure English in our day." *H. H. Lancaster.*

"Very sparing in imagery, perfectly free from conceits." *Athenæum.*

"The grace, flexibility, and easy elegance of the style are especially notable." *E. P. Whipple.*

"He was as little of an idealizer as it is possible to be." *Peter Bayne.*

"Every scene sets in relief a moral truth." *Taine.*

"First and foremost is his wonderful humor — a quality in which he is not inferior to Swift, Fielding, or Dickens." *Parke Godwin.*

"'Esmond' gives instructive exhibitions of the pathology of the heart — the pathos of secret home sorrow." *R. A. Vaughan.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THACKERAY'S "VANITY FAIR"

Author

William Makepeace Thackeray

Born 1811 *Died* 1863

Classification. Novel (Realistic)

Scene. England — London — Brussels — The Continent

Time. Early Part of the Nineteenth Century

When Written. 1848

Principal Characters

1. Rebecca Sharpe Crawley.
2. Rawdon Crawley, her husband.
3. Amelia Sedley Osborne.
4. George Osborne, her first husband.
5. William Dobbin, Amelia's persevering adorer.
6. Lord Steyne.

Subordinate Characters

1. Joseph Sedley and Old Sedley.
2. Old Pitt Crawley, Young Pitt Crawley, Bute Crawley.
3. Old Miss Crawley, Old Pitt's sister.
4. Rawdon Crawley, Jr.
5. George Osborne, Jr.
6. Relatives, Servants, Soldiers, etc.

PLOT

I. Introduction

CHAPTERS 1–11.

The six opening chapters introduce the reader to Amelia, Rebecca, the Osbornes, and Dobbin. Becky fails to become Mrs. Joseph Sedley only because of his devotion to rack punch.

The next five chapters make the reader acquainted with the Crawley family, with whom Becky resides as governess.

II. Development of the Plot

CHAPTERS 12–26.

Rebecca wins favor with the Crawleys, especially Sir Pitt, his spinster sister, and young Rawdon, whom she secretly marries. Sir Pitt offers her his hand, which she is obliged to decline since she is already his daughter-in-law.

Old Sedley fails and is sold up. Old Osborne breaks the engagement between George and Amelia. Dobbin persuades George to keep his promise. Old Osborne disinherits George.

III. The Climax

CHAPTERS 27–32.

The principal characters go to Brussels. George is killed at Waterloo. The characters of George, Joseph, Amelia, Dobbin, and Rebecca are strongly brought out by their conduct during this time.

IV. The Resolution of the Plot

CHAPTERS 33–46.

These chapters cover a long period of time. Becky gradually rises in the world.

Although old Miss Crawley dies, leaving Rawdon nothing, Becky manages to maintain herself in London mainly through the "disinterested" aid of Lord Steyne.

All this time Amelia and her family have sunk deeper and deeper in the financial and social scale. But for the secret generosity of Dobbin, she could hardly have existed.

CHAPTERS 47–55.

In these chapters Amelia's fortunes reach their lowest point (chapter 50), and she is obliged to give up her son to his grandfather Osborne.

In like manner, Becky's fortunes reach their zenith (the party at Gaunt House, chapter 49, and the charades, chapter 51), whence she is suddenly plunged into the abyss by Rawdon's discovery of her in company with Lord Steyne when she thinks him in jail for debt.

This is the catastrophe of the story so far as Becky is concerned.

CHAPTERS 56–61.

Major Dobbin and Joseph Sedley return from India. Old Sedley and Old Osborne die. Dobbin becomes the guardian of Amelia's son and the executor of Old Osborne's will, which places Amelia in affluence and restores her son to her.

CHAPTERS 62–67.

Dobbin, Amelia, little George, and Joseph travel on the Continent, where they meet Becky, who ensnares Joseph and is taken in by Amelia. Dobbin protests and is sent about his business. Becky, Joseph, and Amelia, with little George, go to Ostend, where they fall in with bad company. Amelia summons Dobbin, just after which Becky reveals George Osborne's infidelity, showing the very note in which, the night before Waterloo, he had asked her to elope with him. Dobbin returns "and they live happy ever afterward."

This is the **dénouement** so far as Amelia is concerned.

Becky holds her grip on Joseph, who dies in a suspicious manner, after which she returns to England with plenty of money to spend.

Rawdon Crawley dies, and soon after, Sir Pitt, the younger, which leaves young Rawdon, Becky's son, heir to Queen's Crawley. He, however, refuses to see his mother, to whom he makes an allowance.

Quotations

"The meaning of the above series of queries, as translated in the heart of this ingenious young woman (Becky), was simply this: 'If Mr. Joseph Sedley is rich and unmarried, why should I not marry him? I have only a fortnight, to be sure, but there is no harm in trying.' And she determined within herself to make this laudable

attempt. She redoubled her caresses to Amelia; she kissed the white Cornelian necklace as she put it on; and vowed she would never, never part with it."

The quotation above gives us what in a drama would be called "the exciting cause" — Becky's determination to rise in the social scale "by hook or by crook." Marriage seems to her the only means of doing so, and she is determined to marry wealth or rank, or both, and is not at all concerned about the other factors in the case.

"At last George came back for Rebecca's shawl and flowers. She was going away. She did not even condescend to come back and say good-by to Amelia. The poor girl let her husband come and go without saying a word, and her head fell on her breast. Dobbin had been called away, and was whispering deep in conversation with the general of the division, his friend, and had not seen this last parting. George went away with the bouquet, but when he gave it to the owner, there lay a note, like a snake, among the flowers. Rebecca's eye caught it at once. She had been used to deal with notes in early life. She put out her hand and took the nosegay. He saw by her eyes as they met that she was aware of what she should find there. . . .

"His wife saw the one part, at least, of the bouquet-scene. It was quite natural that George should come at Rebecca's request to get her scarf and flowers; it was no more than he had done twenty times in the course of the last few days, but now it was too much for her. 'William,' she said, suddenly clinging to Dobbin, who was near her, 'you've always been very kind to me, I'm — I'm not well.

Take me home.' She did not know she called him by his Christian name, as George was accustomed to do. He went with her quickly."

This gives the situation of affairs with regard to the principal characters six weeks after Amelia's marriage to George Osborne.

"No more firing was heard at Brussels — the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on field and city: Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

This is the central point of the climax.

"He (Lord Steyne) thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. 'You innocent! Damn you,' he screamed out. 'You innocent! Why every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds, which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by ——! You are as innocent as your mother, the ballet girl, and your husband, the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;" and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

"But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neckcloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. 'You lie, you dog!' said Rawdon. 'You lie, you coward and villain!' And he struck the

peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It is all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him." *She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.*

"'Come here,' he said. She came at once.

"'Take off those things.' She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. 'Throw them down,' he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day."

This is the catastrophe so far as Rebecca is concerned. It is said that when Thackeray finished the italicized sentence he threw down his pen and exclaimed, "There, that is a stroke of genius!"

"'Couldn't forget *him!*' cried out Becky, 'that selfish humbug, that low-bred cockney-dandy, that padded booby, who had neither wit, manners, nor heart, and was no more to be compared to your friend of the bamboo cane than you are to Queen Elizabeth. Why, the man was weary of you, and would have jilted you, but that Dobbin forced him to keep his word. He owned it to me. He never cared for you. He used to sneer about you to me, time after time, and made love to me the week after he married you.'

"'It's false! It's false! Rebecca,' cried out Amelia, starting up.

"'Look there, you fool,' Becky said, still with provoking good-humor, and taking a little paper out of her belt, she opened it, and flung it into Emmy's lap. 'You know his handwriting. He wrote that to me — wanted me to run away with him — gave it me under your nose, the day before he was shot — and served him right!' Becky repeated. . . . It was as she said. . . .

"'And now let us get pen and ink, and write him to come this minute,' she said.

"'I — I wrote him this morning,' Emmy said, blushing exceedingly. Becky screamed with laughter."

This is the **dénouement** so far as Amelia is concerned.

Style

"His men, if not absurd, are tyrants or rogues; his women, if not fools, are intriguers or flirts."

W. W. Senior.

"Thackeray's personages are all men, those of Dickens personified oddities." *Lowell.*

"George Osborne, Dobbin, and Amelia are characters almost literally true to nature." *E. P. Whipple.*

"Whoever it is that speaks in his pages, does it not seem that such a person would certainly have used such words on such an occasion?" *Anthony Trollope.*

"He neither dallied with antitheses, like Macaulay, nor rioted in verbal vulgarisms with Dickens; he abstained from technology as carefully as George Eliot indulged in it." *W. E. Henley.*

"Surely that style, so fresh, so rich, so full of surprises — that style which stamps as classical even his fragments of slang, and perpetually astonishes and delights — would alone give immortality to an author, even had he little to say." *Andrew Lang.*

"We can only speak of it as Thackeray's own — original, vigorous, natural, limpid, idiomatic, and flexible — a perfect vehicle for the man's peculiar spirit." *Parke Godwin.*

"Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style." *Carlyle.*

"Thackeray, too, has a strong flavor of Thackeray. I am inclined to think that his most besetting sin in style — the little earmark by which he is most conspicuous — a certain affected familiarity." *Anthony Trollope.*

"The continual presence of the writer himself, making himself the companion of the reader — gossiping, sneering, laughing, crying, as the narrative proceeds — combine to produce an effect which nobody, to say the least, ever found dull." *E. P. Whipple.*

"The effect of his writing must surely be to make honest men hate all manner of cant." *J. C. Watt.*

"He is the first social regenerator of his day."
Charlotte Brontë.

"Everybody, on reading his works, is quite convinced that the author has seen what he sets forth."
Parke Godwin.

"'Vanity Fair' is a moving panorama of life, with a hundred side scenes and episodes of interest, and with a reality and fullness of humanity which have never been surpassed." *Mrs. Oliphant.*

"He could not have painted 'Vanity Fair' as he has unless Eden had been shining brightly in his inner eyes." *G. Brimley.*

The reader should note Thackeray's knack of hitting off a character by an appropriate name. Examples are numerous in "Vanity Fair," though they do not tend so much toward the burlesque as in some of his works: Miss Minerva Pinkerton, Miss Birch, Miss Becky Sharpe, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Cuff, Dobbin, Sir Pitt Crawley, Mr. Bullock, Mrs. Tinker, Lady Fuddleston, Ensign Spoony, Ensign Stubble, Miss Swartz, Mr. Deuceace, Lady Bareacres. An amusing thing about these names is that some of the oddest are real names, as the reader may prove by searching the directory of any large city or scanning the pages of our newspapers.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF COOPER'S "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS"

Author

James Fenimore Cooper

Born 1789 *Died* 1851

Kind of Book. Romance of Adventure (Slightly Historical)

Scene. Northeastern New York — Lake George — Lake Champlain

Time. 1757

When Written. 1826

Principal Characters

1. Major Duncan Heyward (Open Hand), Colonel of the Sixtieth Royal Americans.

2. Alice and Cora Munro, Daughters of Colonel Munro, Commandant Fort William Henry.

3. Natty Bumpo (*La Longue Carabine*) (Hawkeye), a scout.

4. Uncas (*La Cerf Agile*) (Bounding Deer), a Delaware Indian.

5. Chingachgook (*Le Gros Serpent*) (The Great Serpent), father of Uncas.

6. Magua (*Le Reynard Subtil*) (The Wily Fox), a drunken, renegade Mingo.

Subordinate Characters

1. David Gamut, a half-witted Connecticut singing master.
2. Montcalm, the French general.
3. Tamenund, the aged Delaware sage.
4. General Webb, the cowardly commandant of Fort Edward.
5. Reed-that-Bends, the cowardly Huron.
6. Soldiers, Indians, etc.

PLOT (*First Part*)*

Preliminary Events — Complication

Heyward, with Cora and Alice, under guidance of Magua, attempt to travel by a short cut from Fort Edward upon the Hudson to Fort William Henry. The treacherous Indian pretends to lose the way. Luckily, at this juncture, they fall in with Hawkeye, Uncas, and Chingachgook.

Attempt is made to capture Magua, who escapes wounded. After consultation, they abandon their horses and take refuge in the cavern at Glenn's, where they are besieged by the Hurons, whom they repulse while powder holds out.

The scouts escape by the river, leaving the two girls and Heyward, who are captured and carried to a certain table-land where their captors bivouac.

* There are really in this novel two plots, each of which is fairly complete in itself.

Climax

Magua offers to release the others if Cora will share his wigwam. When she spurns his offer, he prepares to torture them. At the critical moment, the three scouts come to the rescue and kill the Mingoes, except Magua, who escapes.

Concluding Events — Resolution

The rescued and rescuers set out for Fort William Henry. They pass the night in a ruined blockhouse, where, in the morning, they escape capture by a party of hostile Indians only by reason of the reverence of the savages for the graves of those who were buried in a little mound before its door.

They proceed and, getting in touch with Montcalm's sentries in a fog, barely escape capture. Approaching the fort, they find themselves between two fires, and escape destruction only by making themselves known to Colonel Munro.

Quotations

"'Lady,' returned the scout, solemnly, 'I have listened to all the sounds of the woods for thirty years, as a man will listen whose life and death depend on the quickness of his ears. There is no whine of the panther, no whistle of the catbird, nor any invention of the devilish Mingoes, that can cheat me! I have heard the forest moan like mortal men in their affliction; often and again have I listened to the wind playing its music in the branches of the girdled

trees; and I have heard the lightning cracking in the air, like the snapping of blazing brush, as it spitted forth sparks and forked flames; but never have I thought that I heard more than the pleasure of Him who sported with the things of His hand. But neither the Mohicans, nor I, who am a white man without a cross, can explain the cry just heard. We, therefore, believe it a sign given for our good.'"

PLOT (*Second Part*)

Preliminary Events — Complication

Colonel Munro, deserted by Webb, the cowardly commander of Fort Edward, is obliged to surrender to Montcalm, who grants him all the honors of war and assures him of protection against the Indians. Notwithstanding this, the Indians assault the retreating troops and a hideous slaughter ensues. Magua, ever mindful of his revenge for the lashing Munro once ordered given him for drunkenness, seizing this opportunity, carries off the two girls, and makes his way through the woods toward Canada.

Three days after, Munro, Heyward, Hawkeye, Uncas, and Chingachgook start in pursuit. Passing down the Horican (Lake George), they escape capture by swift paddling and the superior range of "Killdeer."

Landing on the west shore, they pick up Magua's trail and fall in with Gamut, who had followed the captured

girls, and had been allowed at large because of their respect for his supposed insanity.

Climax

Heyward enters the Indian village in the character of a French medicine man, and, with the help of Hawkeye, disguised in the bear dress of an Indian conjurer whom he captures, rescues Alice, and seeks refuge in a Delaware village, where Cora has been left by Magua.

Concluding Events — Resolution

Hawkeye returns to the hostile village, rescues Uncas, and follows Heyward to the Delaware camp. Only Chingachgook and Munro are left undiscovered in a beaver hut. Magua demands his captives from the Delawares, who are about to yield them, when they discover the totum of Uncas. Uncas confesses that Magua has the right of a conqueror over Cora, whom he carries off to his camp.

A fight ensues in which Cora, Uncas, and Magua are killed. The victory remains with the Delawares.

After the burial of Cora Munro, Heyward, Alice, and Gamut return to the settlements, where Heyward and Alice are married. Munro, borne down with his military and domestic losses, soon dies.

Quotations

"'What is ordered must sooner or later arrive,' continued Hawkeye, turning with a sad and humbled look to Uncas.

'The varlet knows his advantage, and will keep it! God bless you, boy; you have found friends among your natural kin, and I hope they will prove as true as some you have met who had no Indian cross. As for me, sooner or later I must die; it is therefore fortunate there are but few to make my death-howl. After all, it is likely the imps would have managed to master my scalp, so a day or two will make no great difference in the everlasting reckoning of time. God bless you,' added the rugged woodsman, bending his head aside, and then instantly changing its direction again, with a wistful look toward the youth: 'I loved both you and your father, Uncas, though our skins are not altogether of a color, and our gifts are somewhat different. Tell the sagamore I never lost sight of him in my greatest trouble; and, as for you, think of me sometimes when on a lucky trail; and depend on it, boy, whether there be one heaven or two, there is a path in the other world by which honest men may come together again. You'll find the rifle in the place we hid it; take it, and keep it for my sake; and harkee, lad, as your natural gifts don't deny you of the use of vengeance, use it a little freely on the Mingoes; it may unburden grief at my loss, and ease your mind. *Huron, I accept your offer; release the woman. I am your prisoner!*'"

Style

"'The Last of the Mohicans' (is) probably the best and most popular of all his romances. Merely as a

story of thrilling adventures it would be worthy of high praise, but it is much more than this. It is full of the poetry of the forest, which is especially embodied in the great hunter, Hawkeye, in whom the nobler elemental qualities of the race are 'bound each to each by natural piety.' The more sophisticated characters do not specially attract, but they at least pass muster, and the Indians, Chingachgook and Uncas, are entirely worthy of Natty's friendship. . . .

"When the spirit . . . of the woods is upon him he becomes a genuine poet; when he is dealing with hunters and trappers and Indians . . . he becomes a genuine dramatist. Perhaps not even Scott has given the world such an individualized creation as Natty Bumpo.

"Never a great stylist, he is often an execrable one. . . . (But) to criticise such a genius minutely as one would a sonneteer is ridiculous. . . . As a large creative genius he is probably without a rival among American authors."

Trent.

"Cooper is the foremost of Scott's followers, no doubt, and in skill of narration, in the story-telling faculty, in the gift of imparting interest to the incidents of a tale, Cooper at his best is not inferior to Scott at his best. But Scott had far more humor and far more insight into human nature."

Matthews.

"It is a restful chapter in any book of Cooper's when somebody doesn't step on a dry twig and alarm all the

reds and whites for two hundred yards around. Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred handier things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper. Cooper requires him to turn out and find a dry twig; and if he can't do it, go and borrow one. In fact the Leather Stocking Series ought to have been called the Broken Twig Series."

Mark Twain.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF HAWTHORNE'S "THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES"

Author

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Born 1804 *Died* 1854

Kind of Book. A Romance

Scene. Salem, Mass. *Time.* Colonial and Modern

When Written. 1851

Principal Characters

1. Hepzibah and her brother —
2. Clifford Pyncheon, convicted of murder.
3. Judge Pyncheon, their cousin.
4. Phœbe, cousin of the three Pyncheons.
5. Holgrave (Maule), the photographer.

Subordinate Characters

1. Colonel Pyncheon.
2. Old Matthew Maule, the executed wizard.
3. Thomas Maule, his son.
4. Matthew Maule, grandson of Old Matthew Maule
5. Gervayse Pyncheon and his daughter.
6. Alice Pyncheon.

PLOT

Complication

CENTRAL IDEA — THE INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY

1. The legend of Colonel Pyncheon and Old Matthew Maule. The building of the House of the Seven Gables. Death of Colonel Pyncheon. The land grant. The Pyncheon family. The picture on the wall. The murder. Apparent extinction of the Maules. Description of the old house. The shop.
2. Miss Hepzibah.
3. The first customer.
4. Cousin Jaffray, the Judge. Uncle Venner's advice. Phœbe's arrival.
5. Phœbe takes charge.
6. Phœbe meets Holgrave in the garden.
7. Clifford's return.
8. The Judge calls to see Clifford.
9. Clifford and Phœbe.
10. The garden arbor. The one chick. The feast.
11. Hepzibah and Clifford attempt to go to church.
12. The arched window. Soap bubbles.

Climax

13–14. The Story of Alice Pyncheon and young Matthew Maule. Holgrave half mesmerizes Phœbe. She returns to the country.

Resolution

15. The Judge demands Clifford's secret.
16–17. The flight of the two owls — Hepzibah and Clifford.
18. Judge Pyncheon sits alone in the House of the Seven Gables — dead.
19. The closed shop. The silent house. The disappointed customers. Phœbe's return.
20. Holgrave's declaration. Accepted.
21. Conclusion. The inheritance. The hidden deed. The departure.

Catastrophe

Death of Judge Pyncheon.

Quotations

"Old Matthew Maule was one of the martyrs to that terrible delusion, which should teach us among its other morals, that the influential classes, and those who take upon themselves to be leaders of the people, are fully liable to all the passionate error that ever characterized the maddest mob."

"Hence, too, might be drawn a weighty lesson from the little-regarded truth, that the act of the passing generation is the germ which may and must produce good or evil fruit, in a far-distant time; that, together with the seed of the merely temporary crop, which mortals term

expediency, they inevitably sow the acorns of a more enduring growth which may darkly overshadow their posterity."

Style

"His affinity with the weird, the mysterious, the supernatural." *G. S. Hillard.*

"An air of mystery broods over every scene." *F. H. Underwood.*

"Subtle analysis of spiritual moods . . . at home in the darkest recesses of the human heart." *J. A. Symonds.*

"Hawthorne was imagination in the flesh." *J. V. Cheney.*

"He was a democratic quietist. . . . Any real and deep reform . . . accomplishes itself." *R. H. Hutton.*

"He had spiritual insight, but did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy." *Whipple.*

"Lifelike in minutiæ and so picturesque in general effect." *Tuckerman.*

"Hawthorne writes English . . . the sweetest, simplest, clearest English." *Whipple.*

"An idealist; he idealized the real. 'Born lover of romance.'" *Hutton.*

"Moral idea . . . not only pure but noble." *Hutton.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SCOTT'S "IVANHOE"

Author

Sir Walter Scott

Born 1771 *Died* 1832

Kind of Book. A Historical Romance

Scene. Northeastern England *Time.* 1194

When Written. 1820

Principal Characters

1. Ivanhoe and Cedric, his father.
2. Rowena, Cedric's ward.
3. Rebecca and Isaac the Jew.
4. Brian de Bois-Guilbert and Prior Aymer.
5. King Richard and Prince John.
6. Robin Hood (Locksley) and his Merry Men.

Subordinate Characters

1. Gurth and Wamba.
2. Athelstane.
3. Ulrica.
4. De Bracy and Waldemar Fitzurse.
5. The Clerk of Copmanhurst.
6. The Grand Master of the Templars.

PLOT

Rising Action — Complication

1. At Rotherwood — Meeting of Wamba, Gurth, Aymer, Brian, Ivanhoe (the Palmer), Cedric, and Isaac. Chaps. I–V

2. The tournament at Ashby de la Zouche. Ivanhoe victor in the lists — Locksley in archery . . VI–XIII

3. The banquet — John and his courtiers insult Cedric XIV

4. De Bracy plots to kidnap Rowena XV

5. The Black Knight and the Clerk of Copmanhurst XVI–XVII

6. Cedric plans to wed Rowena to Athelstane XVIII

7. Cedric, Ivanhoe, Rowena, Athelstane, Rebecca, and Isaac prisoners XIX

8. Locksley and the Black Knight to the rescue. XX

9. The captives in the Castle of Torquilstone. XXI–XXIV

10. The siege of the Castle . . . . XXV–XXX

Climax

The Storming of Torquilstone (Ulrica's Death Song) XXXI

(Rebecca carried off by Bois-Guilbert.)

Falling Action — Resolution

1. At the trysting tree — division of the spoils. XXXII–XXXIII

2. At the Castle of York — De Bracy informs John that Richard has appeared XXXIV
3. Isaac applies to the Grand Master to release Rebecca XXXV
4. Rebecca accused, tried, and condemned of sorcery XXXVI–XXXVIII
5. Bois-Guilbert implores Rebecca to fly with him. XXXIX
6. King Richard assailed by Fitzurse — rescued by Locksley XL
7. At Coningsburgh — Athelstane appears. XLI–XLII
8. Ivanhoe fights as Rebecca's champion — Death of Bois-Guilbert XLIII
9. Conclusion — Marriage of Ivanhoe and Rowena XLIV

Quotations

"'Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?' demanded Wamba.

"'Swine, fool, swine,' said the herd, 'every fool knows that.'

"'And swine is good Saxon,' said the Jester; 'but how call you the sow when she is flayed, drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?'

"'Pork,' answered the swineherd.

"'And pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a

Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle hall to feast among the nobles.'

"'Nay, I can tell you more,' said Wamba, 'there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner.'"

Style

"The characters, whether historical or fictitious, are as natural and lifelike as if drawn from personal experience." *A. S. G. Canning.*

"Everything appears . . . in its true colors, with its light and shade in due proportion." *T. B. Shaw.*

"The manners, customs, language, ideas, . . . dresses, and furniture are described with a force and accuracy never surpassed, and perhaps never equaled." *Canning.*

"Nothing could be more picturesque and animated than the panorama of brilliant and highly colored mediæval life thus made to pass before us." *Mrs. Oliphant.*

"He knew how to tell a story." *R. L. Stevenson.*

"Walter Scott is never bitter." *Taine.*

"In dry humor . . . Scott is a master." *R. H. Hutton*

"He is elaborate, (sometimes tiresomely) minute."
J. Devey.

"Costumes, scenery, externals alone are exact, all the rest is (modernized)." *Taine.*

"I see in no other such a combination of truth, ease, and dramatic power." *B. W. Procter.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF DICKENS'S "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

Author

Charles Dickens

Born 1812 *Died* 1870

Kind of Book. A Historical Romance

Scene. London — Paris *Time.* 1775–1780

When Written. 1859

Principal Characters

1. Charles Darnay (Evremonde).
2. Doctor Manette and Lucie Manette.
3. Sydney Carton and Jarvis Lorry.
4. The two Defarges — husband and wife.
5. The Vengeance and Miss Pross.
6. John Barsad *alias* Solomon Pross.

Subordinate Characters

1. Roger Cly, police spy.
2. The two Crunchers — husband and wife.
3. Young Jerry Cruncher.
4. Jacques, One, Two, Three, Four, Five.
5. Gaspard, French assassin.
6. Foulon, revolutionist.

PLOT

Complication

1. Jarvis Lorry and Lucie go to Paris to seek Doctor Manette.

2. They find him a solitary, demented cobbler. Return to London.

3. The trial and acquittal of Darnay for treason. The question of identity.

4. Carton and Darnay suitors for Lucie's hand. She chooses Darnay.

5. Events in France — Darnay goes to Paris.

Climax

Darnay seized and imprisoned.

Resolution

1. Doctor Manette and Lucie go to Darnay's aid. The Doctor's influence as a Bastile prisoner.

2. Darnay released.

3. Darnay rearrested.

4. Carton obtains entrance to prison — drugs Darnay and effects his escape.

5. Carton executed.

6. Darnay, Lucie, the Doctor, and Lorry return to England.

Quotations

"I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from the abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evils of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out."

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

Style

"'The Tale of Two Cities' has been more differently judged than any other of his works; some extolling it as a great romance, if not quite a great historical novel, while others see in it little more than mixed mannerism and melodrama." *Saintsbury.*

"He will indulge . . . in a kind of trumpery, strained, melodramatic rant." *Saintsbury.*

"The slightest hint of the ludicrous sometimes leads him to the very verge of caricature." *Whipple.*

"Of sheer wit, either in remark or repartee, there is scarcely an instance in any of his volumes, while of humor there is a fullness and gusto in every page."

R. H. Horne.

"He has a very peculiar power of taking hold of some particular traits and making a character out of them."

Walter Bagehot.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF ELIOT'S "SILAS MARNER"

Author

George Eliot

Born 1819 *Died* 1880

Kind of Book. Novel

Scene. Raveloe, England

Time. Early Part of the Nineteenth Century

When Written. 1861

Principal Characters

1. Silas Marner.
2. Godfrey and Dunstan Cass.
3. Aaron Winthrop.
4. Eppie.
5. Nancy Lammeter.
6. Dolly Winthrop.

Subordinate Characters

1. Squire Cass.
2. Solomon Macy.
3. Mr. Crackenthorp.
4. Priscilla Lammeter.
5. Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Osgood.
6. Molly.

PLOT

Preliminary Events

Silas' earlier life at Lantern Yard, the false accusation of theft against him, his subsequent departure to Raveloe, and the manner of his life there until the theft of his hoarded gold.

Climax

"The climax occurs where Silas brings Eppie into the ballroom, and Nancy asks Godfrey whose child it is. Minor climaxes are the theft of the gold and the finding of Dunstan Cass' body." *Heydrick.*

Concluding Events

Godfrey's confession to Nancy after the finding of Dunstan's body, his futile attempt to adopt Eppie, and Eppie's marriage to Aaron Winthrop.

Quotations

"A weaver who finds hard words in his hymn book knows nothing of abstractions: as the little child knows nothing of parental love."

"As I say, Mr. Have your own-way is the best husband, and the only one I would promise to obey."

"Perfect love has a breath of poetry which can exalt the relations of the least instructed human beings."

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of

destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction, a hand is put in theirs, which leads them both gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's."

Style

"The style, though not strongly individual, is in general direct and at times animated. It has clearness, force, and beauty, but it can hardly be said that one quality is more marked than another." *Hepworth*

"George Eliot shows man what he may be, in terms of what he is." *Lanier.*

"George Eliot had seen too much of life, and observed character too closely, to fall into the error of dividing men and women into angels and demons." *Cross*

"Dickens taught her, as he has taught every English novelist since his time, the art of minute observation. Moreover, when describing the death of Milly Barton, she cadenced her sentences in the very Little Nell manner." *Cross.*

"Another result of George Eliot's imagination is the dramatic quality of her pathos and humor." *Cross*

"George Eliot comes quickly to an incident which discovers somewhat the moral quality of her character, and then she proceeds somewhat slowly with their self-revelation." *Cross.*

"Character, in her view, is not fixed; it is an evolution. We have, as it were, two selves. Which self shall be triumphant rests with ourselves. By our deeds we are saved or lost; by them we create in our hearts an inferno or a paradise." *Cross.*

Remarks

"The lesson is that when men's hearts have been hardened by their wrongs, a little child is often the means of leading them back into natural human relations.

"Judging from this book alone, one might infer that the author was a person of high ideals, earnest, sympathetic, possessing a vivid imagination, a keen sense of humor, and having a tendency to philosophize."

Heydrick.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF GOLDSMITH'S "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

Author

Oliver Goldsmith

Born 1728 *Died* 1774

Kind of Book. Novel of Domestic Life

Scene. England *Time.* Eighteenth Century

When Written. 1766

Principal Characters

1. The Vicar and his Wife.
2. Olivia and Sophia (daughters).
3. Squire Thornhill.
4. Burchell (Sir William Thornhill).
5. George Primrose and —
6. Miss Arabella Wilmot, his sweetheart.

Subordinate Characters

1. Moses, son of the Vicar.
2. Jenkinson, the trickster.
3. Timothy Baxter (another cheat).
4. The Flamboroughs.
5. The "Ladies" from London.
6. Young Farmer Williams (lover of Olivia).

PLOT

Preliminary Events — Complication

1. The Vicar, his wife, and family described.
2. George and Arabella betrothed. Losses.
3. The migration. Burchell rescues Sophia from drowning.
4. Life in the new home.
5. Squire Thornhill appears.
6. Sends venison. Burchell and Sophia.
7. Thornhill's visit. His attentions to Olivia.
8. Burchell. The ballad. The interruption.
9. The moonlight ball. The London "ladies."
10. The fortune teller. Exalted hopes. Ride to church.
11. Michaelmas games at Flamboroughs'. The "ladies." Burchell. Fudge. Companions wanted.
12. Moses sells the colt. Green spectacles.
13. Story of the Dwarf and the Giant. Burchell's disagreeable advice.
14. The Vicar takes the horse to the fair. Returns with worthless draft. The girls rejected. "Some enemy hath done this."
15. Burchell's letter found. The "enemy" exposed. Burchell returns. His reception.
16. Farmer Williams set up as a rival to the Squire.

Climax

17. Olivia elopes with the Squire.

Concluding Events — Resolution

18. The Vicar seeks Olivia. Deceived by Squire.
19. The masquerading butler. Real master. Arabella. The play. George.
20. George's story of his wanderings.
21. Thornhill appears. Courts Arabella. Gets George a commission.
22. The homeward journey. The inn. Olivia.
23. At home. The house in flames. The rescue. Olivia at home. Thornhill and Arabella.
24. Thornhill returns. Scorned. His revenge. The Vicar goes to prison.
25. Prison. Jenkinson. His civility.

26, 27. The Vicar's attempts to reform prisoners.

28. Application to Sir W. T. Olivia reported dead. Sophia abducted. George challenges the Squire. Arrested and brought to prison.
29. The Vicar preaches.
30. Burchell rescues Sophia. George recognizes him as Sir William Thornton.
31. Uncle and nephew. Squire's adroit defense. Baxter appears. Squire's defense broken. Arabella appears. Arabella and George. Squire claims dower. Olivia appears. Legal proofs of marriage. Sir William proposes for Sophia. Marriage bells. Happy ever after.

Quotations

"The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, Nature cooks it for us."

"I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live under, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own."

"These people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself."

Style

(Its one fault is that) "the plot is loosely constructed and hastily huddled up at the end. Remarkable for its single characters . . . for its incidents of pathos and humor."

Raleigh.

"A snowdrop springing from this muck (of eighteenth century novels)." *Sidney Lanier.*

"The *Vicar* mingles such a modern sweetness and tenderness, such grace of portraiture, and above all such inimitable humor. . . . It is more like an extended episode, in the Spectator manner, than a story. . . . He

was not very successful in making these people move in concerted action, . . . we smile indulgently because we see that they are puppets." *Gosse.*

"With adults it is almost safe to say that enjoyment of this classic is a test of a cultivated mind, but it is by no means so sure to please boys and girls. . . . Its theme, similar to the book of Job, is clear enough and interesting enough but so badly developed, so full of improbabilities and cheap devices of plot that it wins scant respect from young readers. . . . The book is not to be read for its plot, but for its reflection of the man Goldsmith, for its quiet, mellow humor, its portrayal of simple domestic virtues, and its subtle shadings of characters." *G. R. Carpenter.*

Think of Goldsmith as being reckless, thriftless, vain if you like — but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph — and the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid the love he gave it. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when he first charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar — his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to caress, to soothe, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor. *Thackeray.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LONDON'S "THE CALL OF THE WILD"

Author

Jack London (Contemporary)

Born 1876 *Living* (1905)

Kind of Book. Animal Romance

Scene. California — Seattle — Alaska — Klondike

Time. 1897 *When Written.* 1903

Principal Characters

1. Buck, a St. Bernard-shepherd dog.
2. John Thornton.
3. Perrault and François.
4. The Man with a Club — Spitz, a dog.
5. "Black" Burton.
6. Hal, Charles, Mercedes.

Subordinate Characters

1. Manuel, the dog stealer.
2. Dave, Curly, Sol-leks, Billee, Joe (dogs).
3. Skeet and Nig, Thornton's dogs.
4. Matthewson (who lost his $1000).
5. Pete and Hans (Thornton's partners).
6. The Yeehats.

PLOT

Complication

I. INTO THE PRIMITIVE

Buck. His life at Judge Miller's. Stolen by Manuel. Taken to San Francisco. Shipped to Seattle. The man with a club. Bought by Perrault. Shipped to Dyea. Snow.

II. THE LAW OF CLUB AND FANG

Death of Curly. "Once down that was the end of you." The first night. Buck learns. On the trail. Buck steals bacon. "Fit to survive." "Instincts long dead became alive again."

III. THE DOMINANT PRIMORDIAL BEAST

Spitz steals Buck's nest. The fight. The raid of the Huskies. Spitz's treachery. Bad ice. The cliff scaled. Buck's feet sore. Moccasins. The mad dog. Again Spitz's treachery. The contest for leadership. Buck's strategy. The Night Song. The return trip. The fight to the finish.

IV. WHO HAS WON THE LEADERSHIP

Buck refuses a second place. Perrault forced to yield. Buck's skill as leader. A new master. Visions of primeval days. Dave (a dog) ill. The pride of the trail. A revolver shot.

V. THE TOIL OF TRACE AND TRAIL

Five months. Twenty-five hundred miles. Played out. The new masters. Hal and Charles. Mercedes. The ill-packed, overloaded sleigh. "The inexorable elimination of the superfluous." Fourteen dogs. "So many dogs, so many days." The harsh reality of Arctic travel. Human quarrels. Short of food. Mercedes rides. Team demoralized. John Thornton's camp.

Climax

John Thornton rescues Buck.

"If you strike that dog again, I'll kill you."

Resolution

VI. FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN

Skeet, the doctor dog. Convalescence. The ecstasy of love. "Deep in the forest a call was sounding." "Jump, Buck!" "It's uncanny." Buck downs "Black" Burton. Buck saves Thornton's life in the Rapids. Buck pulls one thousand pounds and wins $1600.

VII. THE SOUNDING OF THE CALL

Now for Lost Cabin Mine! Placer gold. The lone wolf. The call grows louder. The bear. The bull moose. Thornton dead. Buck attacks the Yeehats. "The last tie was broken." The wolves. The fight. Peace. The Ghost Dog.

Quotations

"He was older than the days he had seen and the breaths he had drawn. . . . Behind him were the shades of all manner of dogs, half-wolves, and wild wolves, . . . telling him the sounds made by the wild life in the forest, dictating his moods, directing his actions, . . . dreaming with him and beyond him, and becoming themselves the stuff of his dreams. . . . Deep in the forest a call was sounding, and as often as he heard this call, mysteriously thrilling and luring, he felt compelled to turn his back upon the fire and the beaten earth around it, and to plunge into the forest, and on and on, he knew not where or why."

(This, the power of heredity, is the central theme of this book.)

Style

This work exhibits to a good degree unity and coherence. Its most prominent qualities are clearness and force. The author knows how to tell his story and he tells it clearly. Whatever of explanation is needed to impress the reader with the author's point of view is told, almost altogether, as a part of the experiences or actions of the hero. The author does not stop the current of the story, as many authors do, to explain or moralize in his own person, yet the purpose or moral of the story is powerfully impressed upon the reader.

Except in the use of the dialect of the region, there is nothing peculiar in the author's use of words.

The sentences are markedly short, seldom reaching the average number of words found in the sentences of good modern writers, and almost never going beyond. His average would probably be from fifteen to eighteen words, or even less.

The paragraphs are short also.

In general the style is not markedly individual unless in the shortness of sentences, which gives to it an abrupt and colloquial character.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF IRVING'S "RIP VAN WINKLE"

Author

Washington Irving

Born 1783 *Died* 1859

Classification. Romantic Short Story (based on folk tale)

Scene. The Catskills *Time.* 1770 (?)–1790 (?)

When Written. 1819

Principal Characters

1. Rip Van Winkle.
2. Dame Van Winkle, his scolding wife.
3. The Goblins. Hendrick Hudson and his crew.
4. Wolf, Rip's dog.

Subordinate Characters

1. Nicholas Vedder, the tavern keeper.
2. Derrick Van Bummel, the village schoolmaster.
3. Judith and young Rip, old Rip's children.
4. Peter Onderdonk, the oldest inhabitant.
5. Mr. Doolittle, keeper of the new tavern.
6. The children, who all liked Rip.

PLOT

Events leading up to the Climax

At the foot of the Catskills, in a little Dutch village on the banks of the Hudson, there dwelt, while King George III. yet ruled the colonies, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

Rip was a great favorite with all the good people of the village except his own wife, who was an inveterate scold. And good reason she had to scold, for Rip was always ready to attend to anybody else's business, while his own farm was neglected and his children went ragged and barefooted.

To escape his wife's tongue, Rip resorted to the village tavern, where he would sit the livelong day and far into the night with his cronies, smoking, drinking, and telling endless, sleepy stories about nothing.

From this refuge, Rip was at last routed by his wife, who took to following him thither and deafening him and his cronies with her clattering tongue.

Rip now betook himself to his last resources — his gun and his dog Wolf, who was as glad to get away from Dame Van Winkle as his master, for she was as handy with broomstick and ladle as with her tongue.

One fine autumnal day, Rip went hunting in the mountains. In the afternoon, panting and tired from a long climb, he was seated on the brow of a precipice overlooking the village, when he suddenly heard his name called.

Looking down into the glen below him, he saw a strange, dwarfish figure, clothed in the antique Dutch fashion, toiling up the steep ascent with a stout keg on his shoulders.

As the stranger approached, he made signs for Rip to assist him with his load. Though somewhat afraid, Rip, with his usual good nature, complied. As they clambered upward, strange rolling peals like distant thunder issued out of a deep cleft in the rocks above them. Though there were no clouds in the sky, Rip supposed this to be the muttering of a distant thunderstorm among the mountains. He was soon to learn otherwise.

Passing through the cleft, Rip found himself in a small amphitheater-like hollow over which tall rocks and branching trees formed a roof-like covering. On a level spot in the center a company of odd-looking persons, similar to his guide, were silently playing at ninepins. What Rip had thought was thunder was the sound of the balls rolling swiftly down the long alley.

They were a fearsome crew. All were somewhat like his guide, yet different in some particulars. One had a broad face, small nose, and little pig-like eyes; another's face seemed all nose, and as Rip observed them, each appeared more terrifying than the other. One stout old fellow seemed the chief; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat with a feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. And, most terrifying of all, not one spoke a word.

As Rip and his guide drew near, they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such unearthly countenances that his knees smote together with fear. His companion emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and silently signed Rip to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed their liquor in silence and resumed their game.

Climax

Rip was naturally a thirsty soul; so, while the players were intent upon their game, he slyly took a drink of the beverage. One drink only made him want another. As he drank again and again a stupor seized him, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Events leading to the Conclusion

It was morning when Rip awoke. The amphitheater and the strange men were gone. As he rose, he found himself very stiff in the joints. He picked up his gun; the stock fell to pieces in his hands. He called Wolf, but no Wolf appeared.

With fear of Dame Van Winkle in his heart, he set out for home. As he went along, everything seemed oddly changed. The houses and people were new to him. He found his own house deserted and in ruins. The old Dutch inn was gone, and a strange building stood in its place. The only familiar thing that greeted his bewil-

dered eyes was the sign. It bore the face of King George, but a new name — General Washington — was painted beneath.

There was a crowd before the door, — all strangers, — and talking about strange matters: elections, Congress, Bunker Hill. Being asked why he came to an election with a gun on his shoulder and a crowd at his heels, he replied that he was a peaceful subject of King George, and meant no harm. When the crowd heard this, they yelled, "A tory, a tory," and wanted to mob him.

When they quieted down, poor Rip began to inquire for his old friends. All were gone. Some, he was told, had been dead nigh twenty years. In despair, he asked if no one knew Rip Van Winkle. "Why, yes," said they, "there he is leaning against a tree." Rip looked and saw his very image as he had been when he went to sleep. Just then he heard a young woman call her baby by the name of Rip. He looked and saw that she resembled his wife. Upon inquiry, he found that it was his little daughter unaccountably grown up over night, as he thought. He asked after her mother, and was told that she had lately died. Rip then asked if she remembered her father. "Yes," replied she, "but he went, twenty years ago, into the mountains and never returned." Rip then declared himself her father, and to confirm his words, an old woman came up who recognized him.

His daughter, being married to a kind-hearted young man, took Rip home with her, where he passed the re-

mainder of his life, untroubled by the scolding tongue of Dame Van Winkle. It took him some time to realize that he had slept twenty years, but after a time he took to frequenting the new tavern, where he amused every new guest by recounting his story.

As to the people of the village, some did not believe his tale, but thought that he had been out of his head and wandered about all the twenty long years which he had been absent; others accounted for his long nap by saying that he had fallen in with Hendrick Hudson and his crew, who visited that region every twenty years and played at ninepins in the mountains.

NOTE. — The object in this condensation of Irving's story has been to give a pretty full and clear account of the story, and at the same time to preserve some slight portion of the "Irving" flavor. This has made it longer than many of the other outlines.

It is hoped that it will be useful to the teacher in testing the grasp of the pupils on the whole story and render easier the examination of the written outlines which should be required of them. It is a good plan to ask them to tell the story in one exercise up to the climax, and then finish it in another period. They will, of course, condense it more than is done here.

Quotations

"As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring

through the still evening air, 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

"On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gulley, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine or rather cleft

between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

"On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar. One had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white, sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout

old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

"What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder."

Style

"In the 'Sketch-Book' Irving showed himself to be an accomplished traveler, critic, satirist, humorist, and short-story writer. In the last-named capacity he was a pioneer who, when at his best, as in 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'The Spectre Bridegroom,' and 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' has not been clearly surpassed by his successors, Poe and Hawthorne, or by any British writer." *Trent.*

"He easily surpassed Charles Lamb in evenness of execution. Behind all that he did appeared his own serene, happy, and well-balanced character."

C. F. Richardson.

"It is the genial coloring of his humorous conceptions, not the mechanism, that wins our interest. He often makes us smile, but seldom elicits a broad guffaw — for his conceptions are charged with a feeling softened by culture and tempered by geniality." *D. J. Hill.*

"In our lighter literature he is without a rival as an artist. . . . His style is unrivaled in picturesque effect." *F. H. Underwood.*

"The scenes and characters in 'Rip Van Winkle' are so harmonized that they have the effect of a picture, in which all the parts combine to produce one charming whole." *E. P. Whipple.*

"His style is as transparent as light." *Bryant.*

"What! Irving! thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain!
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humor that ever was there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.
Nay, don't be embarrass'd, nor look so beseeching,
I sha'n't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laugh'd at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes:
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel; —
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison minus the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,

The 'fine old English gentleman'; — simmer it well;
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain:
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves;
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee — just Irving."

Lowell, "A Fable for Critics."

NARRATIVE POEMS

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SCOTT'S "THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

Author

Sir Walter Scott

Born 1771 *Died* 1832

Kind of Book. Metrical Romance

Scene. Scotland — Western Highlands *Time.* 1542

When Written. 1810

Principal Characters

1. Ellen Douglas, The Lady of the Lake.
2. James Fitz-James, Knight of Snowdoun, King James V.
3. Roderick Dhu, Chief of Clan-Alpine, lover of Ellen.
4. Malcolm Graeme, lover of Ellen.
5. Allan-bane, harper and seer.
6. James Douglas, the banished father of Ellen.

Subordinate Characters

1. Brian, the seer of Clan-Alpine.
2. Malise, the messenger.
3. Red Murdoch, the treacherous guide.
4. Mad Blanche of Devan.
5. Lady Margaret, aunt of Ellen.
6. John De Brent, the English exile.

PLOT

Rising Action — Complication

Canto I

1. The chase.
2. The night on Ellen's isle.

Canto II

3. The departure of Fitz-James.
4. Ellen and Allan-bane.
5. The meeting of Roderick, Malcolm, and Douglas on the island — The quarrel.

Canto III

6. The speeding of the Cross of Fire.
7. The gathering of Clan-Alpine on Lanrick mead.

Canto IV

8. Brian's prophecy.
9. Meeting of Ellen and Fitz-James in the Goblin Cave — The proposal — The ring.
10. Mad Blanche's warning — The slaying of Red Murdoch.

Climax[1]

11. The meeting of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.

Falling Action — Resolution

CANTO V

12. The apparition of Clan-Alpine's warriors in answer to Roderick's summons — Roderick declares himself.
13. The fight.
14. Roderick, wounded, is conveyed to Stirling.
15. Douglas at the games (Stirling).
16. The king sends to forbid the battle.

CANTO VI

17. Ellen and Allan at Stirling — The ring.
18. Allan and Roderick — Roderick's death.
19. Ellen and Fitz-James.

[1] Opinions may differ as the placing of the climax in this plot. The writer's reasons for locating it as he has are as follows: Fitz-James is the hero. Up to the meeting with Roderick he might have escaped; after that, escape without fighting was impossible: therefore the meeting is the turning point, — the point to which everything before has led, — the reason for which the author made him return to find Ellen. From that point the remainder of the action flows. This seems sufficient reason for placing it at the meeting. The climax is not always the most exciting or dramatic scene in a plot. If Fitz-James is the hero, the fight is rather the catastrophe than the climax.

"For all stood bare; and in the room
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.

* * * * * * *

The center of a glittering ring, —
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!"

20. The Douglas pardoned.
21. The doom of Malcolm.

Quotations

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —
The sportive toil, which, short, and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace, —
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
Ev'n the light harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her lips there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue, —

Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

* * * * * * *

Blushing she turned her from the king,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek
'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!' — and, at the word,
Down kneeled the Graeme to Scotland's Lord.
'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
For thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought amid thy faithful clan
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name, —
Fetters and warder for the Graeme!'
His chain of gold the king unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand."

Style

"Yet it seems to me impossible, on any just theory of poetry or of literature, to rank him low as a poet. . . .

In Scott the story interests. . . . He can produce . . . some of the very few long narrative poems which deserve to honestly enthrall and fix popular taste.

"The most really damaging things to be said against Scott are two. First, that his genius did not incline him either to the expression of the highest passion or to that of the deepest meditation, in which directions the utterances of the very greatest poetry are wont to lie. In the second place, that the extreme fertility and fluency which cannot be said to have improved even his prose work are, from the nature of the case, far more evident, and far more damagingly evident, in his verse.

"He is a poet of description, of action, of narration, rather than of intense feeling or thought. Yet in his own special divisions of the simpler lyric and of lyrical narrative he sometimes attains the exquisite, and rarely sinks below a quality which is fitted to give poetical delight to a very large number of by no means contemptible persons.

"It appears to me at least, that on no sound theory of poetical criticism can Scott be ranked as a poet below Byron, who was his imitator in narrative and his inferior in lyric." *Saintsbury.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF COLERIDGE'S "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER"

Author

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Born 1772 *Died* 1832

Kind of Book. Narrative Poem — Ballad — Lyric

Scene. The Ocean — Atlantic — Antarctic — Pacific

Time. The Middle Ages

When Written. 1798 (Published)

Principal Characters

1. The Ancient Mariner.
2. The Albatross.
3. Death and Life-in-Death.
4. The Spirit of the Pole.

Subordinate Characters

1. The Wedding Guest.
2. Various Demons and Spirits.
3. The Hermit of the Wood.
4. The Pilot.
5. The Pilot's Boy (who goes crazy).

PLOT

Preliminary Events — Complication

INTRODUCTION

The Ancient Mariner stoppeth the Wedding Guest and constraineth him to hear his tale.

THE TALE

1. The ship saileth southward to the line with a good wind.

2. Thence it is driven to the desolate Polar regions.

3. The Albatross appeareth and proveth a bird of good omen; it followeth the ship.

4. The Ancient Mariner slayeth the Albatross.

5. His shipmates cry out against the deed, but when the fog cleareth away they approve it.

6. The ship saileth northward into the Pacific even unto the line, where it lieth becalmed.

7. Water faileth; the expiation beginneth; the offended Polar Spirit hath followed the ship.

8. His shipmates again cry out against him and hang the dead Albatross about his neck.

9. The Phantom ship appeareth, manned by Death and Life-in-Death.

10. They cast dice for the crew and Life-in-Death winneth the Mariner.

11. All his mates die; Life-in-Death beginneth her work on him.

12. (The Guest feareth that a Spirit talketh to him.)

13. The Mariner despiseth and envieth the creatures of the deep; he trieth to pray but cannot.

14. The curse still liveth for him in the eyes of the dead men.

15. He yearneth towards the journeyings of the moon and stars.

16. The moon riseth, and he beholdeth God's creatures — their beauty and happiness.

Climax

Moved by their beauty, he blesseth them unawares; he is then enabled to pray; the Albatross falleth from his neck and he sleepeth.

Concluding Events — Resolution

1. By the grace of the Holy Mother, the Ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

2. He heareth a roaring wind; but it cometh not anear the ship.

3. The dead sailors are vivified by a blessed troop of angelic spirits; they sail the ship.

4. The Polar Spirit saileth the ship to the line, but still requireth vengeance.

5. The Mariner's trance; the spirits talk of him; the Polar Spirit departeth satisfied.

6. The supernatural motion is abated; the Mariner awaketh; the dead men stare at him with stony eyes; he is not able to turn from them.

7. A breeze springeth up; the curse is snapt; he beholdeth his native land.

8. The ship entereth the harbor; the spirits leave the dead bodies; they fall.

9. The Pilot, the Pilot's Boy, and the Hermit approach the ship and are afeard.

10. The ship sinketh; the Mariner is saved; he speaketh; the Pilot falleth in a fit and the Pilot's Boy goeth crazy.

11. The Hermit shriveth the Mariner; he is doomed to wander from land to land.

12. He telleth the moral of his tale and departeth.

Quotations

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

* * * * * * *

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

* * * * * * *

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware."

* * * * * * *

"That selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free

The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

* * * * * * *

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."

* * * * * * *

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Style

"These four ('Kubla Kahn,' 'Christabel,' 'Love,' and the 'Ancient Mariner') are sufficient to rank their author among the very greatest of English poets. . . . In the 'Mariner' comes the gorgeous metre, . . . the more gorgeous imagery and pageantry here, the simple directness there, the tameless range of imagination and fancy, the fierce rush of rhythm: —

'The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.'

"In verse at least . . . there is no greater master than Coleridge." *Saintsbury.*

"It is the delicacy, the dreamy grace, in his presentation of the marvellous, which makes Coleridge's work so remarkable." *Walter Pater.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LONGFELLOW'S "KING ROBERT OF SICILY"

Author

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Born 1807 *Died* 1882

Kind of Book. Narrative Poem

Scene. Sicily — Rome *Time.* Mediæval Ages

When Written. 1863–1873

Principal Characters

1. King Robert.
2. The Angel.

Subordinate Characters

1. Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine.
2. Pope Urbane.
   (Brothers to King Robert)
3. The Clerk.
4. The Monks.
5. The Ape.

PLOT

Preliminary Events — Complication

1. King Robert's boast.
2. His sleep and his awakening.

3. He finds the usurping Angel on his throne and denounces him—The Angel's reply.
4. The King turned Jester is housed with an ape.
5. The Angel's benign reign.
6. The King continues obdurate.
7. The journey to Rome.
8. Robert's appeal to his brothers.
9. The return to Sicily.

Climax

King Robert's change of heart.

"Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

Concluding Events—Resolution

1. The Angel departs and King Robert awakes.
2. The courtiers find him "absorbed in silent prayer."

Quotations

"He caught the words, 'Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;'
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to the learned clerk beside him said,

'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer meet,
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.'
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
''Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known
There is no power can push me from my throne.' *
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!'
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
'I am an Angel, and thou art the King.'"

Style

"Among the 'Tales' (of a Wayside Inn) are some of Longfellow's best ballads — such as 'Paul Revere's Ride,' 'King Robert of Sicily,' and 'Scanderberg.'

"Here is the semblance of a master effort, but in fact a succession of minor ones; we perceive that no great outlay of imaginative force was required for this kind of

* This — the king's boast — is the exciting cause.

work. With Longfellow's lyrical facility of putting a story into rippling verse, almost as lightly as another would tell it in prose, we find ourselves assured of as many poems as he had themes. Less subtile and refined than Morris, he was a better raconteur. This was due to a modern and natural style, the sweet variety of his measures, and to his ease in dialogue. He intersperses many realistic passages, and by other ways avoids the monotony of the 'idle singer of an empty day.'* As for poetic atmosphere and all the essentials of beauty the 'Tales' cannot enter into comparison with 'The Earthly Paradise.' Longfellow's frequent gayety and constant sense of the humanities make him a true story-teller for the multitude."

Stedman.

* William Morris, in his poem entitled "The Proud King," has treated the same theme. The student may be interested in comparing the two poems. "The Proud King" is found in "The Earthly Paradise."

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF ARNOLD'S "SOHRAB AND RUSTUM"

Author

Matthew Arnold

Born 1822 *Died* 1888

Classification. A Narrative Poem (An Epic Fragment)

Place. The Banks of the Oxus River

Time. The Heroic Age of Persia

When Written. 1853

Principal Characters

1. Sohrab and
2. Rustum, his unknown father.

Subordinate Characters

1. Peran Wisa, Tartar general.
2. Ferood, Persian general.
3. Ruksh, Rustum's famous horse.

PLOT

Complication

The story of Sohrab and Rustum is told in Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia," as follows: The young

Sohrab was the fruit of one of Rustum's early amours. He had left his mother, and sought fame under the banners of Afrasiab, whose armies he commanded, and soon obtained a renown beyond that of all contemporary heroes but his father. He had carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians, and had terrified the boldest warriors of that country before Rustum encountered him, which at last that hero resolved to do under a feigned name.

Climax

They met three times. The first time, they parted by mutual consent, though Sohrab had the advantage; the second, the youth obtained a victory, but granted life to his unknown father; the third was fatal to Sohrab.

Resolution

Sohrab, when writhing in the pangs of death, warned his conqueror to shun the vengeance that is inspired by parental woes, and bade him dread the rage of the mighty Rustum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son Sohrab. These words, we are told, were as death to the aged hero; and when he recovered from a trance, he called in despair for proofs of what Sohrab had said. The afflicted and dying youth tore open his mail, and showed his father a seal which his mother had placed on his arm when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. The sight of his

own signet rendered Rustum quite frantic; he cursed himself, attempting to put an end to his existence, and was only prevented by the efforts of his expiring son. After Sohrab's death, he burned his tents and all his goods, and carried the corpse to Seistan, where it was interred; the army of Turan was, agreeably to the last request of Sohrab, permitted to cross the Oxus unmolested. To reconcile us to the improbability of this tale, we are informed that Rustum could have no idea his son was in existence. The mother of Sohrab had written to him her child was a daughter, fearing to lose her darling infant if she revealed the truth; and Rustum, as before stated, fought under a feigned name, an usage not uncommon in the chivalrous combats of those days.

Quotations

"And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

* * * * * * *

"And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
And they who were call'd champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have,
And I were but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!"

Style

The characteristics of this poem are the majestic roll of its rhythm, recalling more than any other English poem Homer's resounding lines, the grandeur of its movement, the graphic power, the vigor of action, the strength and sense of proportion shown in its general treatment, the constant suggestion of reserve power, and the sincerity and tranquillity which we are made to feel in every line.

"But when (Arnold's poetry) is at its best it has a wonderful charm — a charm nowhere else to be matched among our dead poets of this century." *Saintsbury.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE"

Author

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Born 1807 *Died* 1882

Classification. Narrative Poem

Scene. Acadia — Nova Scotia *Time.* 1755

When Written. 1847

Principal Characters

1. Evangeline Bellefontaine.
2. Gabriel Lajeunesse.

Subordinate Characters

1. Benedict, Evangeline's father.
2. Basil, Gabriel's father.
3. Rene Leblanc, the notary.
4. Father Felician and the Black Robe chief.
5. Michael, the fiddler.
6. The British soldiers.

PLOT

Complication

In the autumn of 1755, a British fleet sailed into the Basin of Minas and anchored opposite the Acadian village of Grand Pré. In this village there dwelt a beautiful maiden, Evangeline Bellefontaine by name, and her lover, Gabriel Lajeunesse. Their vows were already plighted, and the day set for the formal betrothal was at hand.

On the fourth day after the appearance of the British fleet, Gabriel and his father, Basil, the blacksmith, met the old notary, Rene Leblanc, at the home of Evangeline, and the betrothal papers were duly drawn up and signed.

On the next day the betrothal feast was held "in the odorous air of the orchard." In the afternoon, in accordance with an order of the commander of the fleet, the men of the village assembled in the church to hear what he had to say to them. To their anger and grief, they were told that their lands had been confiscated on account of their disloyalty to the British crown, and that they and their families were to be carried away to the English colonies. A stormy scene followed, which was calmed by the good priest of the village.

On the fifth day thereafter the Acadian men were hurried on board the ships and, after them, the women and children. In the hurry and confusion, families were separated, some members being carried to one ship and

some to another. Evangeline had only time for a passing word with Gabriel. Her father, stricken with grief, died upon the shore, and there was buried. As the ships sailed away, the Acadians saw the smoke rising from their burning houses, which the British had set on fire.

The exiles were landed by the different ships at different places; some at Boston, some at Philadelphia, and some at other cities along the coast. For several years, many of them wandered about, seeking their families and friends.

Evangeline, joined by the good priest, Father Felician, sought in vain through the Eastern colonies for Gabriel. At last she heard that he was in Louisiana, whither many other Acadians had gone. So she and Father Felician journeyed to the Ohio River and passed thence down the Mississippi to Louisiana.

Climax

One night, as they neared their journey's end, they encamped "under the Wachita willows" on a little island in the lakes of Atchafalaya. Here, in a dream, Evangeline saw Gabriel.

Resolution

The next morning they arrived at the home of Basil, only to find that Gabriel had really passed them the night before on his way to the Ozark Mountains to spend the winter in trapping.

On the next day Basil and Evangeline set out in pur-

suit of Gabriel. Arriving at Adayes, somewhere probably in the present state of Arkansas, they found that Gabriel had left the day before for the Ozark region. Thither they followed, but fate everywhere foiled their efforts. Naught saw they of Gabriel save the cold ashes of his deserted campfires.

Finally, hearing of a Mission, they went thither, only to find that Gabriel had left for the far North, intending to return in the spring. Discouraged, Evangeline asked to be left there to await his return.

Autumn, winter, and spring passed, but Gabriel came not. In the summer, a rumor said that Gabriel was living in Michigan. Thither Evangeline followed, only to find his hunting lodge deserted and fallen to ruin.

For many years Evangeline wandered from place to place, seeking Gabriel, but scarcely hoping to find him. At last, in Philadelphia, while nursing the sick in a hospital, she came upon an old gray-haired man in the last agony of death. It was Gabriel. Aroused by her cry, he vainly endeavored to speak to her. His head pillowed upon her breast, he breathed his last, and was buried in a little Catholic churchyard, where, shortly after, Evangeline's body was laid beside him.

Quotations

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed on the meadows."

* * * * * * *

"But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

* * * * * * *

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite heavens of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

* * * * * * *

"Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what was one's was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof, hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it."

Style

Longfellow has been severely criticised for his use of the dactylic hexameter. As Matthew Arnold says, "This dislike of the English hexameter is rather among the professional critics than the general public," who evidently read it without any feeling that it is not a proper measure for English verse.

"His sweet heroine and his other well-drawn characters deserve to have their acquaintance made. The descriptive power displayed and the faculty of narration, even if derived from reading rather than from observation and native bent, are surely praiseworthy; and if the hexameter raise some qualms by frequently subsiding into a sort of undulating prose, this is not, for various reasons, fit cause for wonder." *Trent.*

"The hexameter has been often criticised, but I do not believe any other measure could have told that lovely story with such effect as we feel when carried along the tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines. Imagine, for one moment, a story like this minced into octosyllables. The poet knows better than his critics the length of step which best befits his muse." *O. W. Holmes.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF BRYANT'S "THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW"

Author

William Cullen Bryant

Born 1794 *Died* 1878

Classification. Narrative Poem — Fairy Tale

Scene. The Caucasus or Mt. Ararat

Time. In the olden time, long, long ago

When Written. 1864–1866

Principal Characters

1. Eva. 2. The Snow Maiden.

Subordinate Characters

1. Uncle John, the story teller.
2. Alice, who asks for a story.
3. The parents of Eva.
4. The Little People of the Snow.
5. The neighbors.

PLOT

Complication

I. INTRODUCTION

1. Alice asks for a story.

II. THE STORY

1. Description of the Little People of the Snow.
2. Eva goes out for a walk.
3. She meets the Snow Maiden.

Climax

Eva disobeys her mother and goes with the Snow Maiden to the Land of the Snow People.

Resolution

1. Eva visits the Snow Garden and looks into the Palace of the Snow People.
2. She thinks of her disobedience and starts homeward, accompanied by the Snow Maiden.
3. The death of Eva.
4. The arrival of the searchers.
5. The funeral—The Little People of the Snow attend.
6. "A decree went forth to cut them off,
   Forever, from communication with mankind."

Quotations

"Here a garden lay,
In which the Little People of the Snow
Were wont to take their pastime when their tasks
Upon the mountain's side and in the clouds
Were ended. Here they taught the silent frost
To mock, in stem and spray, and leaf and flower,
The growths of summer. Here the palm upreared
Its white columnar trunk and spotless sheaf
Of plume-like leaves; her cedars, huge as those
Of Lebanon, stretched far their level boughs,
Yet pale and shadowless; the sturdy oak
Stood, with its huge gnarled roots of seeming strength,
Fast anchored in the glistening bank; light sprays
Of myrtle, roses in their bud and bloom,
Drooped by the winding walks; yet all seemed wrought
Of stainless alabaster; up the trees
Ran the lithe jessamine, with stalk and leaf
Colorless as her flowers."

Style

"His Fancy, what there was of it, came in his later years, and suggested two of his longest pieces, 'Sella' and 'The Little People of the Snow,' tales of folk-lore, in which his lighter and more graceful handling of blank verse may be studied without fatigue. . . . In this measure Bryant was at his height, and he owes to it the most enduring portion of his fame."

"This narrow verbal range has made his poetry strong and pure. . . . He was never obscure. His diction, like his thought, often refreshes us as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. . . . His poems . . . their simplicity is their charm." *Stedman.*

His poems have a rare stateliness. This is one of his striking characteristics and is well shown in this poem.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF BROWNING'S "THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN TOWN"

Author

Robert Browning

Born 1812 *Died* 1889

Kind of Literature. Narrative Lyric—A Modern Ballad

Scene. Hamelin Town, on the Weser, Germany

Time. "500 years ago." 1376

When Written. 1843

Principal Characters

1. The Pied Piper.
2. The Mayor.
3. The Rats.

Subordinate Characters

1. The Children.
2. The Council.
3. The One Lame Boy.

PLOT

Preliminary Events

1. The plague of rats.
2. The meeting of the people at the town hall to demand relief.
3. The meeting of the town council.
4. The arrival of the Pied Piper.
5. The bargain to pay one thousand guilders for the destruction of the rats.
6. Destruction of the rats.

Climax

The refusal to pay the Piper his thousand guilders.

"'Besides,' quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
'Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke —
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty:
A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!'"

Concluding Events

1. The Piper charms the children of the town, who follow him and disappear.
2. The proclamation of a reward for the return.
3. The erection of the memorial column.
4. The children's descendants found (it is said) in Transylvania.

Quotations

"And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
'It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me:
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill
Left alone against my will,
To go limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!'"

* * * * * * *

"So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And whether they pipe free from rats or from mice.
If we have promised them aught let us keep our promise."

(This gives the ethical lesson Browning intended.)

Style

The sentences more nearly approach the normal prose structure than is common with Browning. Yet there are some of his characteristic twists, — "But when begins my ditty," etc. Cf. Longfellow's "Paul Revere."

The diction is simple and inclines toward short Anglo-Saxon words, as might be expected in a poem written for children; yet he uses *obese*, *glutinous*, *commentary*, *trepanned*, which are words Longfellow would hardly have used. Note, too, the juggle with the rhyme in *mice* and *promise*. This is characteristically Browningesque.

Figures of speech are not specially abundant, and not generally such as are readily comprehended by young students.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LOWELL'S "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL"

Author

James Russell Lowell

Born 1819 *Died* 1891

Kind of Literature. Didactic — Narrative Poem

Scene. England *Time.* Middle Ages

When Written. 1848

Principal Characters

1. Sir Launfal. 2. The Leper (Christ).

Subordinate Characters

None.

The Story

Once upon a time, when the Holy Grail was still on earth, there dwelt, in a great gloomy castle in northern England, a young and handsome knight of lofty lineage called Sir Launfal. In character and manner of life he was good and pure; yet one thing he lacked. He was so self-righteous, so proud of his noble birth, and withal so arrogant, that he looked down upon those beneath him in

rank, and had no sympathy with the sorrows of the poor or the sufferings of the sinful. On this account, he never admitted to his castle any but lords and ladies of high degree.

According to the custom of all good and noble knights of that time, he made a vow to go forth upon the Quest of the Holy Grail. Many noble knights had failed in the Quest, but Sir Launfal thought that one so noble and good as himself would surely succeed. For you must know that only knights of noble birth and absolute purity of heart could find the Grail, and then only after doing many doughty deeds of arms in behalf of those in distress.

His vow made, he found it inconvenient to begin the Quest at once. From time to time he put it off to a more suitable season, till he almost ceased to remember it. Finally, the beauty of a June day caused him to recall his vow. The season seemed an especially suitable one to begin the Quest. So he ordered all things prepared, and, on his last night at home, lay down upon a bed of rushes, as a sign that he considered himself already started upon the Quest; for so were the questing knights accustomed to do. He hoped that, during the night, some dream or vision, such as often in those days directed knights on their journeys, might show to him which way he should take, and what he should do to achieve the Quest.

It came to pass according to his wish. In a vision, he set forth in the dawn of a beautiful June morning on his

best war steed and dressed in his best and brightest armor. As, on his prancing steed, he passed from the gloom of the gateway into the glorious sunshine without, his heart leaped and sang for joy. By the beauty of the daybreak and his satisfaction with himself, his whole being seemed lifted far above things common and unclean. Surely, he thought, all things would go well with him, and the Quest would soon be successfully ended.

Suddenly his eyes lighted upon a hideous object — a blot on the beauty of the landscape. A poor leper held out his loathsome hands for alms. All the beauty at once faded from the landscape, and Sir Launfal's joy passed from him. To his dainty soul the sight was simply disgusting. No feeling of sympathy, no thought of human brotherhood, was his. Yet his very vow required him to relieve the suffering wherever found.

So, with disgust in his heart and scorn on his face, he flung to the beggar a piece of gold and rode quickly on. Strange to say, the leper left the gold lying where it fell. Forlorn and famishing as he seemed, his self-respect forbade him to accept alms from a person who so evidently scorned one who, however humble and helpless, was yet a brother man as precious in the sight of the Lord as even a gay young knight.

Many years passed away and Sir Launfal grew old without achieving the Quest. His armor, once new and bright, became old, battle-scarred, and dingy. Often he

was hungry, often almost naked. Many times he was obliged to seek succor from others. Gradually his own sorrows and sufferings wrought a change of heart. He lost his pride and haughtiness, and began to sympathize with the poor and lowly. Obliged to accept alms himself, he began to understand what true charity meant.

At last, from the far East, whither his wanderings had led him, and where the Grail seemed no nearer than before, he turned his steps homeward. On Christmas Eve, a poor, friendless, gray-haired old man, he knocked at the gate of his own castle. Within all was light and laughter and joy in celebration of the birth of the poor and lowly Saviour who Himself often had not where to lay His head; yet the seneschal denied the claim of Sir Launfal to enter his own hall, and brutally turned him from the gate. Another lord ruled his lands, and no one would recognize, in the broken old man, the gay Sir Launfal who had gone forth that bright June morning so many years ago on the Quest of the Holy Grail.

All through the long winter night Sir Launfal sat shivering in the gateway, which afforded slight protection from the bitter blasts, and saw the cheerful lights shine through the windows of the hall, and heard the laughter of the gay company within. At daybreak he was vainly trying to warm himself with the thought of the tropical deserts through which he had often wandered. In his mind's eye he saw a long line of camels, slowly winding across the level desert toward a distant oasis with its

crown of waving palms, beneath which sparkled the water of a clear flowing spring. Suddenly his meditations were interrupted by a request for alms. Looking up, he saw beside him the selfsame beggar to whom he had so long before scornfully tossed his gold.

There was no scorn in his heart now. In the beggar he saw a fellow-sufferer and an image of Him who died on the Cross. The leper was, if possible, a more grewsome sight than before, but Sir Launfal thought not of that. All his daintiness had gone from him. He broke his single crust, and with a wooden cup dipped cold water from the icy river. These, the best and the last he had, he offered to the beggar.

Climax

As the leper touched them, a wondrous change took place. The mouldy bread became fresh and white, and in the wooden cup, instead of clear water, there was the sparkle of rich, red wine. And a voice that was softer than silence said : —

"'Lo it is I, be not afraid !
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now ;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree ;

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.'"

Sir Launfal awoke and recognized that his Quest was ended even before it was begun. The true Grail was found within his own heart and his own castle. He hung up his mail and threw open his castle to all comers. The poor and lowly were especially welcome, since in them he saw the image of the Crucified One. The rest of his life he spent in doing good, and his fame was spread abroad through all the North Countree.

So ends the story of Sir Launfal.

Note

"According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus Christ partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but, one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the Knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it.

Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

"The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign." *J. R. Lowell.*

Quotations

"The leper raised not the gold from the dust;
'Better to me is the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot grasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the heart that was starving in darkness before.'"

Style

The style of this poem is characterized by lucidity, freshness, pathos, musical quality, profusion of beautiful imagery, earnestness, and dignity. There is scarcely a commonplace figure or line in the whole poem.

The diction is refined, elevated, and poetical. (Note the number of words not in common use in prose.)

The sentences and stanzas are well constructed.

The structure of the poem as a narrative lacks unity. The connection of the two long lyric introductions to the general action and theme is not obvious to the casual reader.

One of the most striking things about this poem is the large number of vivid contrasts and antitheses found in it.

"The moral of this semi-Tennysonian incursion into the realms of Arthurian romance is sufficiently exemplary and democratic to account in part for its popularity; but some of Lowell's critics have probably been justified in holding that readers have been more attracted by the passion and charm of the poet's outburst in praise of June than by the moralized legend itself." *Trent.*

LYRIC POETRY

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF TENNYSON'S "SIR GALAHAD"

Author

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Born 1809 *Died* 1892

When Written. 1842 (Pub.)

Kind of Lyric. Reflective — Pervaded with Religious Emotion

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. ababcdcdxe(ff)e

Stanza. Twelve lines

First Lines

"My good sword carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

Central Theme, or Ethical Lesson

The apotheosis of asceticism.
The strength and beauty of unsullied purity.

Secondary Theme

Persevering faith in holiness.

"'O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on, the prize is near!'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail."

Quotations

"How sweet the looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

"When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns.

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censor swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between."

Style

While this poem does not exhibit Tennyson's genius in its fullness of originality and power, it is nearly or quite the best specimen of his unrivaled technique. He has employed every device known to masters of poetic structure to secure lyric sweetness and smoothness; it sings itself. Among the devices are onomatopœia, as "the shattering trumpet shrilleth high"; alliteration, "lightly rain from ladies' hands," "looks that ladies bend," "reel they roll," "some secret shrine," etc. Then, too, note the effect of the omission of rime in the ninth line and the internal rime in the eleventh.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF ROBERT BROWNING'S "TRAY"

Author

Robert Browning

Born 1812 *Died* 1889

When Written. 1879

Kind of Lyric. Didactic — Moralizing

Prevailing Foot. Iambic

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. aabba

Stanza. Five lines

Introduction

Three poets are asked to sing of a hero. Two begin with antique themes. The third speaks of a little child sitting on a quay. His story awakens interest, and he is requested to proceed.

Central Theme, or Ethical Lesson

The barbarity of vivisection.

TRAY

Sing me a hero! Quench my thirst
Of soul, ye bards!

Quoth Bard the first:
"Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don
His helm and eke his habergeon" . . .
Sir Olaf and his bard——!

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the second),
"That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned
My hero to some steep, beneath
Which precipice smiled tempting death" . . .
You too without your host have reckoned!

Analysis
Introduction (see page 4).

"A beggar-child" (*let's hear this third!*)
"Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. 'Dismay!
Help, you the standers-by!' None stirred.

A little girl sitting on the edge of a quay fell into the water.
None of the human spectators went to her rescue.

"Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. 'How well he dives!

They selfishly thought of their own safety first.
A noble dog sprang into the water

"'Up he comes with the child, see, tight — and brought her safely ashore.
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet — twelve, I bet! — To the surprise of the onlookers he again sprang into the water and,
Good dog! What, off again? There's yet
Another child to save? All right!

"'How strange we saw no other fall!
It's instinct in the animal. — after a considerable time,
Good dog! But he's a long while under:
If he got drowned I should not wonder —
Strong current, that against the wall!

"'Here he comes, holds in mouth this time — brought up —
— What may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns — the child's doll!
In man alone, since all Tray's pains
Have fished — the child's doll from the slime!'

"And so, amid the laughter gay, — Then he trotted off.
Trotted my hero off, — old Tray, —
Till somebody, prerogatived — A bystander, curious to know how the dog's brain worked,
With reason, reasoned: 'Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.

"'John, go and catch — or, if needs be, — bade a servant catch or buy the dog
Purchase — that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense — that he might vivisect him.
Of half an hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!'"

Style

This poem should be compared with "Paul Revere" and "Sir Galahad." Note the different methods employed. Browning is abrupt, disjointed, yet he arouses stronger emotions than either Longfellow or Tennyson.

The story is by no means so easy to follow as in "Paul Revere." The moral is quite as powerfully brought out as in "Sir Galahad."

The poem is much harder to read aloud than either of the others. In this short poem Browning uses eighteen exclamation points, eight dashes, and there are two parentheses. Bard, quoth, don, helm, eke, habergeon, ope, steep, host, prerogatived, give a different character to his diction from that found in either of the other poems.

The supreme quality of this poem is force.

Style — colloquial — the language of the street.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LONGFELLOW'S "PAUL REVERE'S RIDE"

Author

H. W. Longfellow

Born 1807 *Died* 1882

When Written. 1863–1874

Kind of Lyric. Modern Ballad

Prevailing Foot. Iambic and Anapestic

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. aabbcc (varied)

Stanza. None (paragraphed)

Introduction

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five."

Central Theme

How Paul Revere rode from Boston to Concord to notify the colonists of the intended raid of the British on the morrow.

Conclusion

"So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear,
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

Quotations

"And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer and then a gleam of light!
He springs to his saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns."

* * * * * * *

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

Style

The words of this poem are, for the most part, simple, common, everyday words. Probably Anglo-Saxon words predominate, rather than Latin.

The style is characterized by coherence, unity, force, and ease (or smoothness).

Comparatively few figures are used. It is worth while to note a few alliterations: "Masses and moving shapes of shade," "glimmer and then a gleam," "belfry burns," "hurry of hoofs," "spark struck out by a steed," "Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge," etc.

The sentences are unusually normal for poetry, having comparatively few inversions, nor are they very much more difficult than in ordinary prose. Compare some of Browning's poems.

Attention should also be called to the rapid movement of the verse, and the ease with which the story can be disentangled from the poem. This is due to the clearness of the style and the close chronological sequence observed in the poem. Compare with this Browning's "Tray," and note the enormous difference.

It may be worth while to call attention to Mr. Longfellow's belief in the future glory and prosperity of our country, and the permanency of our institutions, as indicated in the two quotations here given.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF BURNS' "BANNOCKBURN"

Author

Robert Burns

Born 1759 *Died* 1796

When Written. 1793

Kind of Lyric. A Dithyrambic War Ode

Prevailing Foot. Trochee (may be considered iambic with first syllable missing in first foot)

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. aaab cccb

Stanza. Triplet (with a fourth short line)

Introduction

"At Bannockburn the English lay —
The Scots they were na' far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

"But soon the sun broke through the heath
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, with saul-inspiring breath
His heralds thus addressed:"

Central Theme

Love of freedom and love of country.

Conclusion

"Let us do, or die."

BANNOCKBURN

"At Bannockburn the English lay—
The Scots they were na' far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

"But soon the sun broke through the heath
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, with saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed:

"'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

"'Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

"'Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

"'Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Let him follow me!

"'By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

"'Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!'"

"Why should we speak of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," since all know of it, from the king to the meanest of his subjects? This dithyrambic was composed on horseback; in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak, — judiciously enough, for a man composing "Bruce's Address" might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns; but to the external ear, it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode, — the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen." *Carlyle.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LOWELL'S "THE FINDING OF THE LYRE"

Author

James Russell Lowell

Born 1819 *Died* 1891

When Written. 1868

Kind of Lyric. Lyric of Reflection

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. See first stanza

Stanza. Eight lines

First Lines

"There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover."

Central Theme

To the eye that can see, the ear that can hear, and the hand of skill the world is full of beauty, music, and utility.

"O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs would waken!"

Chief Figure

This poem is an allegory. The shell is the world. The fisherman, the fisher girl, and her brother are those who have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that do not understand.

Mercury is the man of genius, the seer, the inventor, whose eyes see the beauty of the world of nature, whose fertile brain and skilled hand put things to new uses and evoke celestial music from the most unlikely instruments.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE[1]

"There lay upon the ocean's shore *a*
What once a tortoise served to cover, *b*
A year and more, with rush and roar, *aa*
The surf had rolled it over, *b*
Had played with it, and flung it by, *c*
As wind and weather might decide it, *d*
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry *cc*
Cheap burial might provide it. *d*

"It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother

[1] This poem is inserted entire by special arrangement with, and permission of, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of James Russell Lowell.

How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

"So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And having mused upon it,
'Why, here,' cried he, 'the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!'

"So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained, a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!"

Style

"The moral element is the central one in Lowell."
Arthur B. Simonds.

"The chief characteristic of Lowell's style as a poet and critic may be summed up in Theodore Watts's single word of apt characterization, sagacity, — a word which, if not necessarily synonymous with high creative genius, is indicative of applied intellectual strength." *Richardson.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF HOLMES' "THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS"

Author

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Born 1809 *Died* 1894

When Written. 1858

Kind of Lyric. Lyric of Reflection

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. See first stanza

Rime Scheme. aabbbcc

Stanza. Seven lines

Introduction

A description of the chambered Nautilus. "This is the ship of pearl." Three stanzas.

Chief Figure

The Nautilus is personified — treated as a conscious builder of his shell. The fourth stanza is an "apostrophe" to the Nautilus; the fifth is an "apostrophe" to the poet's own soul.

Conclusion

An application of the "heavenly message" of the Nautilus to the soul of man.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign, *Pentameter.*
Sails the unshadowed main, — *Trimeter.*
The venturous bark that flings *Trimeter.*
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings *Pentameter.*
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings, *Pentameter.*
And coral reefs lie bare, *Trimeter.*
Where the/cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair. *Hexameter.*

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Style

"His verses, with the measured drum-beat of their natural rhythm, were easily understood; he bothered his

audience with no accidental effects, no philandering after the finer lyrical distinctions. It is not hard to surmise what 'standard' poets had been found on his father's bookshelves. Eloquence was a feature of his lyrics, — such as broke out in the line, 'Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!' (cf. 'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul') and the simple force of 'Old Ironsides' is indeed worth noting, as it culminates in the last stanza. (Cf. last stanza of 'The Chambered Nautilus.')

"Accepting, then, with hearty thanks, his care-dispelling rhyme and reason, pleased often by the fancies which he tenders in lieu of imagination and power, — we go through the collection of his verse, and see that it has amounted to a great deal in the course of a bustling fifty years.

"But 'The Living Temple' and 'The Chambered Nautilus' doubtless show us their writer's finer qualities, and are not soon to be forgotten." *Stedman.*

"His lyrical facility was unsurpassed by that of any of our writers." *Richardson.*

"Probably his prose will endure longer than his verse. For his chief quality was intelligence, and poetry demands rather imagination." *Matthews.*

"Nor was there ever produced in America, perhaps, any (other) merely meditative poem of the sea so thoughtful and so perfect in execution as Holmes's 'The Chambered Nautilus.'" *T. W. Higginson.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF EMERSON'S "THE RHODORA"

Author

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Born 1803 *Died* 1882

When Written. 0000

Kind of Lyric. Lyric of Reflection

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. Pentameter

Rime Scheme. aabbcc, etc. (varied)

Stanza. None

Introduction

"In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods."

Central Theme

What ever is, is right — the eternal fitness of things.

Secondary Theme

"Beauty is its own excuse for being."

THE RHODORA

"In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay.
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you."

Style

"Style makes itself, and Emerson's is the apothegmatic style of one bent upon uttering his immediate thoughts, — hence strong in sentences, and only by chance suited to the formation of an essay. Each sentence is a flash of light, an epigram, an image, or a flash of spiritual light. . . . His laconic phrases are the very honey-cells of thought. . . . Throughout Emerson's writings each word is of value. . . . His poems are light as air.

"At times I think him the first of our lyric poets, his turns are so wild and unexpected; and he was never commonplace, even when writing for occasions. . . . His instant, sure, yet airy transcripts gave his poems a quality without a counterpart. Some of his measures had at least the flutter of the twig whence the bird has just flown.

"Finally, this poet's joinery is so true, so mortised with the one apt word, as where he says that the wings of Time are 'pied with morning and with night,' and the one best word or phrase is so unlooked for, that, as I say, we scarcely know whether all this comes by grace of instinct, or with search and artistic forethought.

"Common opinion justified Mr. Sanborn's fine paradox that, instead of its being settled that Emerson could not write poetry, it was settled that he could write nothing else." *Stedman.*

"As a poet, Emerson was a poor singer with wonderfully penetrating tones, almost unequalled in this respect. . . . He loved Emersonian poetry, he loved the Emersonian paradoxes, he valued the wild Æolian tones; he delighted in the word that gave the prick and sting of the electric spark; abruptness, surprise, the sudden forked sentence — these took him, these he dealt in."

John Burroughs.

"And, in truth, one of the legitimate poets Emerson, in my opinion, is not. His poetry is interesting, it makes one think; but it is not the poetry of one of the born

poets. I say it of him with reluctance, although I am sure that he would have said it of himself; but I say it with reluctance, because I dislike giving pain to his admirers, and because all my own wish, too, is to say of him what is favorable. But I regard myself, not as speaking to please Emerson's admirers, not as speaking to please myself; but rather, I repeat, as communing with Time and Nature concerning the productions of this beautiful and rare spirit, and as resigning what of him is by their unalterable decree touched with caducity, in order the better to mark and secure that in him which is immortal."

Matthew Arnold.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF WHITMAN'S "O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!"

Author

Walt Whitman

Born 1819 *Died* 1892

When Written. 1865

Kind of Lyric. Lyric of Sorrow

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. Heptameter (varied)

Rime Scheme. aabbxcxc (*See Style*)

Stanza. Eight lines

First Lines

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won."

Central Theme

This poem is an exquisite elegy on the death of President Lincoln.

Chief Figure

The Civil War is figured as a boisterous and dangerous voyage of the Ship of State, — the Nation, — at the end of which, amid the exultation of the people crowding the shores, the Captain falls dead upon the deck.

Conclusion

A note of exultation over the successful ending of the fearful voyage is beautifully mingled with the poet's sense of personal loss in the death of his Captain — President Lincoln.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

"O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

Style

In this poem we have Whitman at (or near) his highest point as a lyric poet. Notwithstanding its odd combination of good rimes, bad rimes, and unrimed lines, it is poetry of the next to the highest, if not the highest quality. Of the many tributes to Lincoln, it best interprets, in my opinion, the sense of personal loss and the deep sorrow which the Northern people felt on account of his untimely death, mingled with their pride and exultation over his work so well done.

In its simplicity of diction, its normal sentence forms, and its comparatively regular structure, it is almost unique among his poems.

What can be said of Whitman's style in general? To whisper his name in a company of literary persons is to set going an endless and often acrimonious dispute. To

one class, he is only the sickly and uncertain afterglow of the sunset of American poetry; to another class, he is the luminous and invigorating herald of the dawn of a brighter, better, and truer age of democratic American poetry. To the one party, he is vulgar, nauseating; to the other, he is sublime, ennobling. The adverse critics declare that he wrote a formless jargon because he could not master form; while his friends assert that his poetry is too great to be run into any of the wornout molds of effete poetic forms.

When doctors disagree, who shall decide? In the case of Whitman's poetry, each may do so for himself. Time alone can separate the precious metal from the dross, and when this is done, it seems to me that most of Whitman's poetry will perish; that a small residue will be saved and rank high, not on account of its form (or formlessness), upon which he prided himself, but in spite of it.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF HERBERT'S "VIRTUE"

Author

George Herbert

Born 1593 *Died* 1632

When Written. 1631 (Pub.)

Kind of Lyric. Lyric of Reflection — Religion

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. abab

Stanza. Quatrain (fourth line Dimeter)

Introduction (*First Stanza*)

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die."

Central Theme

The immortality of the soul.

Secondary Theme

The mortality of all earthly things.

VIRTUE

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

"Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

"Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

Style

"His style was that of his time, which sought ingenious conceits; but he expressed no thought into which he did not pour his soul; therefore his work lives by its sincerity.

His point of view as a churchman was that of Laud, his spirit that of Christ; and Christians of all forms of thought have through songs of his been able to rise heavenward on wings of adoration. When the mind is fastened to George Herbert's verse we may 'think we've an angel by the wings,' as Crashaw wrote when sending to a friend a volume of 'The Temple.'" *Henry Morley.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF ROBERT HERRICK'S "DAFFADILLS"

Author

Robert Herrick

Born 1591 *Died* 1674

When Written. 1648 (Pub.)

Classification. Lyric of Reflection — Religion

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. (See first stanza)

Rime Scheme. (See first stanza)

Stanza. Ten lines

First Lines

"Faire Daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soone:"

Central Theme

The brevity of human life.

Chief Figure

"For all *flesh* is as *grass*, and all the *glory of man* as the *flower of grass*. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." 1 Peter i. 24.

TO DAFFADILLS[1]

Faire Daffadills, we weep to see *a*
You haste away so soone: *b*
As yet the early-rising Sun *c*
Has not attain'd his Noone. *b*
Stay, stay, *d*
Until the hasting day *d*
Has run *c*
But to the Even-song; *e*
And, having pray'd together, we *a*
Will go with you along.[2] *e*

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you or anything.
We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away,
Like to the Summers raine;
Or as the pearles of Mornings dew,
Ne'r to be found againe.

[1] Original spelling retained.
[2] Note complicated stanza structure and rime scheme.

Style

"But the subject of Herrick's verse never matters very much; it is the exquisite quality of his phrase and his 'numbers' that exalt him to a place all his own. This quality beggars description, and is perhaps the greatest justification in English literature of the 'theory of the single word'—that one special word is the right thing in the right literary place, and if you do not get it 'all's spent, nought's had.' . . . In all his famous things, which a hundred anthologies have made known, and in others less divulged, this absolute and unerring perfection of word-selection appears. The thoughts are sometimes trivial, sometimes not; but the expression gives them at once the freshness of the morning dew and the perennial character of marble. Herrick's images are not as a rule out of the way; his mere vocabulary is, for his time and class, quite ordinary for the most part. But the choice and the collocation make it something absolutely unique."

Saintsbury.

Herbert and Herrick belonged to what is known as the "metaphysical" school of poets. They were so named because of their liking for strange, odd, out-of-the-way conceits. This affected not only the ideas they expressed, but also the forms of their verse. Their liking for the bizarre went so far that they constructed stanzas or whole poems which when printed took the form of altars, pairs of wings, and other fantastic shapes. These are found in the works of both the poets named. Such "tricks" are

now considered blemishes, not beauties. Notwithstanding this, the poets of this school produced some of the finest lyrics to be found in all English literature.

The "metaphysicals" were contemporaries of Milton, who, however, was never affected by this mania for poetic juggling. In the latter half of the seventeenth century a reaction set in which resulted in the rise of the "classical" school of Dryden and Pope, to whom the tricks of the "metaphysicals" were an abomination.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LOWELL'S "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL"

Author

James Russell Lowell

Born 1819 *Died* 1891

When Written. 1848

Kind of Lyric. Nature Lyric

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. aabb, etc., couplet (varied)

Stanza. (Paragraphs)

Introduction

FIRST PART

1. Comparison of organist (composer) to poet.
2. Reference to Wordsworth's Ode.
3. Long lyric description of June.

SECOND PART

1. Long lyric description of winter.
2. Description of Christmas.

Central Theme

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold,
Who gives from a sense of duty."

* * * * * * *

"Not what we give, but what we share,
The gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

The Story of Sir Launfal

1. His vow.
2. His dream.
   (1) Setting forth.
   (2) Meeting the leper.
   (3) Return — rejection.
   (4) Second meeting with leper.
   (5) Leper's transformation.
   (6) Sir Launfal's change of character.

Chief Figure

Nature's moods and Sir Launfal's spiritual condition compared.

"The castle gate stands open now,
And the *wanderer is welcome* to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer *scowl* the turrets tall,

The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise."

Conclusion

His change of character.

"The *castle* alone in the landscape lay
Like an *outpost of winter*, dull and gray:
'Twas the *proudest* hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the *chilly wall.*"

Quotations

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?"

* * * * * * *

"He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-*crypt*,
Long, sparkling *aisles* of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to *counterfeit* a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was *carved in sharp relief*
With quaint *arabesques* of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops

And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No *mortal* builder's most *rare device*
Could match this winter-palace of ice."

Style

"The charm of Lowell's outdoor verse lies in its spontaneity; he loves nature with a childlike joy, her boon companion, finding even in her illusions welcome and relief, — just as one gives himself up to a story or a play, and will not be a doubter."

"'The Vision of Sir Launfal' owed its success quite as much to its presentation of nature as to its misty legend. It is really a landscape poem, of which the lovely passage, 'And what is so rare as a day in June?' and the wintry prelude to the Part Second, are the specific features. . . . It was a return to poetry as poetry." *Stedman.*

"There is Lowell who's striving Parnassus to climb —
With a whole bale of isms tied together with rime;
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's as old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

From "The Fable for Critics." — Lowell's estimate of himself.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF WHITTIER'S "SNOW-BOUND"

Author

John Greenleaf Whittier

Born 1807 *Died* 1892

When Written. 1866

Kind of Lyric. Pastoral — Picture of New England Farm Life in Winter

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. aabb (couplets)

Stanza. Paragraphs

Introduction

The omens of the storm.

Central Theme, and Ethical Lesson

New England farm life in winter during the early part of the nineteenth century.

Contentment with a lowly lot and fervent faith in a loving God.

The Story

It was a December evening; the setting sun portended a snowstorm. The evening chores were done. The snow fell all night, and all the next day and night. The second morning presented a clear sky and an earth of snow. During the day a path was made to the barn, and at night the family gathered around the bright fireplace and spent the evening in a pleasant and social manner. Next the author describes each member of the group: father, mother, uncle, aunt, sister, the schoolmaster, and the missionary, Miss Harriet Livermore. At nine o'clock the uncle covered the coals in the fireplace, and the mother said evening prayers, and all retired and were soon in dreamland. The next morning the neighbors went the rounds clearing the roads, and the doctor was able to make his calls. A week passed thus, and all the books in the house were read, and the weekly paper came, telling of the incidents of the outside world. The snow began to melt away, —

"And all the world was ours once more."

Quotations

"Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!

Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

* * * * * * *

"The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corncrib stood,
Or garden wall or belt of wood;
A smooth, white mound the brush pile showed;
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle post, an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

Style

The keynote of Whittier's style in this poem is simplicity. His description is strong, graphic. We "see" what he wants us to see and feel as he means we shall feel about the persons described.

His diction is idiomatic, except in a few places where

we run upon a number of Latin words in a few lines (geometric, pellicle).

His images have the homely directness of those of Burns.

"From the key struck at the opening to the tender fall at the close, there is a sense of proportion, an adequacy, and yet a restraint not always observed by Whittier." *Stedman.*

"Point, decoration, and other features of modern verse are scarcely characteristic of Whittier." *Stedman.*

Whittier was the Burns of New England, and "Snow-Bound" is his "Cotter's Saturday Night."

"It is the most faithful picture of our northern winter that has yet been put into poetry." *John Burroughs.*

"'Snow-Bound' seems likely to remain a national classic." *Richardson.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF KIPLING'S "RECESSIONAL"

Author

Rudyard Kipling

Born 1865 *Living* (1905)

When Written. 1898

Classification. Reflective — Religious

Prevailing Foot. Iambus

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter

Rime Scheme. ababcc

Stanza. Six lines

First Line

"God of our fathers, known of old."

Central Theme

A prayer for national humility.

Secondary Theme

The mutability of human affairs.

RECESSIONAL

"God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget.

"The tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget.

"Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget.

"If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget.

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.
Amen."

Style

What shall be said about Mr. Kipling's style? The professional critics are at odds about it and probably will continue to be at odds about it for years to come. To one, he ranks as a poet, high in the next to the highest class; to another, he is but a wretched poetaster whose vogue will pass as a fog before the breath of the west wind.

Two things at least he has known how to do: to write verses that the common people will read and enjoy, and to write measures which insist on singing themselves. Most of his verses go to some old-time lilt which no man invented, but which all men always knew. These two things go far to account for his popularity. But his popularity is based partly upon another significant fact: his poetry is, for the most part, merely versified narrative. This is at once the most popular form of verse and the most enduring. Homer and Virgil live, Chaucer and Dante endure, through the ages partly because they each had a story to tell. Many worthy modern poems sink out of sight like rivulets in Saharan sands, because they are but

versified abstrusities. For these reasons it is likely that some portions of Kipling's verse will last far beyond the time when much modern verse to which critics give more praise shall have faded into the limbo of forgetfulness.

In the piece here given, Mr. Kipling has discarded narrative and set his powers to another species of poetry which lasts — the religious song. "Recessional" exhibits his powers in nearly or quite the highest reach he has yet attained. The whole poem expresses elevation and breadth of thought combined with skillful handling of words. In it there is force with no sense of strain. In like manner, it shows his power of making words suggest music — the solemn peal of the church organ. Altogether, it will probably prove to be the greatest hymn which has been composed in our time.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF MILTON'S "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENSEROSO"

Author

John Milton

Born 1608 *Died* 1674

When Written. 1632(?)

Kind of Lyric. Lyrics of Reflection

Prevailing Foot. Iambus (varied)

Prevailing Line. Tetrameter.

Rime Scheme. aabb (varied)

Stanza. None (paragraphs)

Introduction

"L'Allegro" — The banishment of Melancholy and the summons to Mirth.

"Il Penseroso" — The banishment of Mirth and the summons to Melancholy.

Central Theme

"L'Allegro" — The joys of social intercourse.

"Il Penseroso" — The pleasures of contemplation, reflection, and study.

L'ALLEGRO

Analysis.

The Poet banishes Melancholy

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*[1] and blackest *Midnight* born,
In *Stygian* cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes; and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

[1] The italicized words are those which will need particular attention on the part of the student.

IL PENSEROSO

Analysis.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of *Morpheus'* train,

The Poet banishes deluding joys

and summons Mirth

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus*, at a birth,
With two sister *Graces* more
To *ivy-crowned Bacchus* bore;
Or whether, as some sages sing,
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once *a-Maying*,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy! and summons Melancholy
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of mortal sight;
And therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince *Memnon's sister* might beseem,
Or that starred *Ethiop Queen* that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The *sea-nymphs*, and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-haired *Vesta* long of yore
To solitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain),
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of *Cyprus* lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity, with her train: Jest and Jollity,
Quips, and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides. Laughter and
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty; Liberty.
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreproved pleasures free;

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even pace, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

with her train: Peace, Quiet, Leisure, Contemplation, and Silence.

And join with thee, calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the *Muses* in a ring
Aye round about *Jove's* altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure: —
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplatiòn;
And the mute Silence hist along,

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

He extols the lark

'Less *Philomel* will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While *Cynthia* checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er *the accustom'd oak.*
— Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;

He praises the nightingale

While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering Morn
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill,
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
Whilst the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

and the various other beauties of a summer morning in the country, especially,

the glory of the rising sun,

And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off *curfew* sound
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

and the wandering Moon

and the beautiful sights and sounds of evening.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;

and describes the natural delights of the rural landscape as revealed by the sun.

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.

In this landscape a castle is set;

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two agèd oaks,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis*, met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With *Thestylis* to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

also a cottage.

(Noon)

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphere
The spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.

He lauds the pleasures of midnight study, especially of Philosophy and Tragedy,

(Midnight)

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day.
Till the livelong daylight fail:

He then describes a rural merry-making;

the rustic sports

Sometimes let gorgeous *Tragedy*
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting *Thebes'* or *Pelops'* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

and the power of solemn Music.

But, oh sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower!
Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the *Tartar* king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy *Mab* the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn, and evening stories.
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

He speaks of civil-suited morning

Thus, Night, oft see me in my pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the *Attic Boy* to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute-drops from off the eaves.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If *Jonson's learnèd sock* be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespeare*, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

He next describes the pleasures,

pageants, and

social gatherings of the town.

(Midnight)

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, *Goddess*, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that *Sylvan loves*,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid:

and the sober pleasure of a quiet walk along wood-land paths, and of Sleep in a quiet shady nook

(Midday)

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft *Lydian* airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That *Orpheus'* self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped *Elysian* flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Through all he asks that the charms of music may unlock the secret harmonies of his soul.

For all these boons he promises allegiance to Mirth.

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen *Genius* of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious *cloister's pale*,
And love the high-embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes:

from which he is wakened by sweet music and seeks some grand cathedral and joins in the service.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain.

He bespeaks a peaceful hermitage in which to spend his last days.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

For all this he promises allegiance to Melancholy.

Style

"We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassin in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, 'Open Wheat,' 'Open Barley,' to the door which obeyed no sound but 'Open Sesame.' The miserable failure of Dryden in his attempt to translate into his own diction some parts of the 'Paradise Lost' is a remarkable instance of this."

* * * * * * *

"In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the 'Allegro' and the 'Penseroso.' It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others as attar of roses differs from ordinary rose water, the close-packed essence from the thin, diluted mixture.

They are indeed not so much poems as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza."

Macaulay.

"An appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummated scholarship." *Mark Pattison.*

"Milton's more elaborate passages have the multitudinous roll of thunder, dying away to gather a sullen force again from its own reverberations, but he knew that the attention is recalled and arrested by those claps that stop short without echo and leave us listening. There are no such vistas and avenues of verse as his. In reading him one has a feeling of spaciousness such as no other poet gives. Milton's respect for himself and for his own mind and its movement rises well-nigh to veneration. He prepares the way for his thought and spreads on the ground before the sacred feet of his verse tapestries inwoven with figures of mythology and romance. There is no such unfailing dignity as his." *Lowell.*

"Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night." *Gray.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF MILTON'S "LYCIDAS"

Author

John Milton

Born 1608 *Died* 1674

When Written. 1637

Classification. Monody — Elegy

Prevailing Foot. Iambus (varied)

Prevailing Line. Pentameter (varied)

Rime Scheme. (Exceedingly varied)

Stanza. (Paragraphs)

Introduction

The Prologue (see Analysis)

Central Theme

An elegy on the untimely death of Edward King, who was drowned in the Irish Seas in 1637.

Secondary Themes

The reward of the true poet.

A denunciation of the corruption of clergy and the church.

LYCIDAS[1]

Analysis

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sear, — 1. Occasion.
I com to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of som melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the Sacred Well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somwhat loudly sweep the string. — 2. Invocation of the Muses.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may som gentle Muse

[1] Original spelling retained.

With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd!

For we were nurst upon the self same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright
Towards Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloy'n heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.

3. Reasons for his sorrow.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return!

11. The Body of the Poem.

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wilde thyme and the gadding vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft layes.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrop wear
When first the white thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

1. All Nature joins the poet in mourning the loss of Lycidas.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye bin there" . . . for what could that have don?

2. His death was unavoidable. Neither the Nymphs

What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore,
The Muse her self, for her inchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

nor the Muse herself could have saved him.

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better don, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious dayes;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

3. A digression! Since life is so uncertain,

why strive for the fame of a true poet?

"But not the praise,"
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears :
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad Rumour lies,
But lives and spreds aloft by those pure eyes
And perfet witnes of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed."

4. Because a well-earned fame is immortal and the true poet receives his reward in heaven.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellon winds,
What hard mishap had doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings

5. Neptune was not to blame;

That blows from off each beakèd promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotadés their answer brings, nor Æolus;
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark, but the unseaworthy ship.
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow, 6. Camus, god of the River Cam, bewails his loss.
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake; 7. St. Peter regrets the loss of one who would have been a faithful shepherd of the flock which
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake: —

"How well could I have spar'd for thee, young Swain,
Anow of such, as for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make
Then how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
That to the faithfull herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? they are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed;

is now left to the care of base hirelings who creep and crawl and climb into the fold for their own personal profit.

Their destruction awaits them and is nigh at hand.

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alphéus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bels and flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the milde whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green terf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,
The white pink, and the pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,

8. The poet, forgetting that the body was lost in the sea, calls upon the Sicilian Muse

to bid the vales

bring all their blossoms

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed, — to decorate the hearse of Lycidas.
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.

For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise, — 9. Recalling the fact,
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, — he wonders
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd — where the
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount — bones of
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold:
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth; — Lycidas may now be, and begs pity of an angel and of
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the haples youth. — the dolphins.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar:
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

10. Hope arises.

Lycidas is not dead.

Through the power of Christ he has been admitted to the joyful company of saints

in heaven.

Henceforth he shall be the guardian genius of the shore.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' okes and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals grey;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills, III. Epilogue.
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 1. His strain ended, the lamenting shepherd departs.
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blew:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

Style

"The poetry of Milton is the very essence of poetry." *Edmond Scherer.*

"His lyrical poems, move they ever so softly, step loftily with something of an epic air." *Mrs. Browning.*

"Nature had endowed him in no ordinary degree with that most exquisite of her gifts, the ear and passion for harmony." *David Masson.*

"One of the charms of 'Lycidas' is its solemn undertone rising like a chant." *Stopford Brooke.*

"The sound of his lines is moulded into the expression of the sentiment of almost every image. . . . His verse floats up and down as if it had wings." *William Hazlitt.*

"All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command." *W. E. Channing.*

"He makes words tell as pictures." *William Hazlitt.*

"He was master of his language in its full extent." *Samuel Johnson.*

"He is the poet of the scholars." *J. C. Shairp.*

"His rhythm is as admirable when it is unusual as when it is simplest." *Matthew Arnold.*

A SONNET ON MILTON

"Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour: *a*
England hath need of thee: she is a fen *b*
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen, *b*
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, *a*
Have forfeited their ancient English dower *a*
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men; *b*
Oh! raise us up, return to us again, *b*
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power. *a*
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart: *c*
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: *d*
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, *d*
So didst thou travel on life's common way, *e*
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart *c*
The lowliest duties on herself did lay." *e*

Wordsworth.

"O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset —

"Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palm woods
Whisper in odorous heights of even." *Tennyson.*

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF MACAULAY'S "AN ESSAY ON MILTON"

Author

Thomas Babington Macaulay

Born October 25, 1800 *Died* December 28, 1859

Occasion

Discovery and publication of Milton's "Essay on the Doctrines of Christianity" (1825).

Purpose

To glorify Milton and the political party to which he belonged.

Point of View

That of a thoroughgoing Whig-Liberal — this Essay was both a political pamphlet and a literary criticism.

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

1–7. Discussion of the "Essay on the Doctrines of Christianity." It displays traces of a powerful and independent mind.

II. BODY OF THE ESSAY

1. Milton's Poetry

8–17. Milton ranks among the greatest masters of the art of poetry, yet no poet ever had to struggle with more unfavorable circumstances than he. For, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines.

18–19. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse: it exhibits marked originality and exquisite imagery.

20–24. Milton's English poetry possesses some sort of occult power: it acts like an incantation. His diction possesses a peculiar power of suggestion. Example, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

25–29. Milton's dramatic poems ("Comus" and "Samson Agonistes") are lyric poems in the form of plays. The "Samson" was modeled after the Greek drama; the "Comus" on the Italian masque.

30–42. "Paradise Lost" is an extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions. It is not more superior to the "Paradise Regained" than the latter is to every poem which has since made its appearance. Milton's management of supernatural agencies is far superior to that of Dante.

43–46. Milton and Dante: the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from

their moral qualities. Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought; Dante, by intensity of feeling.

47–48. Milton's "Sonnets" are the simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet.

2. Milton, the Citizen

49–72. Milton's conduct during the Commonwealth period is to be commended: all Englishmen approve of the Revolution of 1688; that of 1642 was based on the same principles and was just as right and necessary. The two are compared in detail.

73–74. The conduct of the Regicides is not to be approved of; yet, when the deed in which he had no personal share was done, everything considered, Milton did right in defending it.

75–77. Cromwell's administration was admirable; that of Charles II. detestable: in adhering to Cromwell, Milton chose wisely.

78. England at that time contained many who were ready to side with the successful party.

79–83. The Puritans: the most remarkable body of men perhaps which the world has ever produced. *See Quotations.*

84. The Heathens: doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshipers of freedom.

85. The Royalists: they had many virtues, were more learned than the Puritans, and had more polished manners.

86. Milton: in his character, the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union.

3. Milton as a Writer of Prose

87–91. In his prose writings, Milton was the ardent champion of liberty. They abound in passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery.

III. CONCLUSION

"While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavor to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or

with his Quaker friend Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

"These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Boswellism. *But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton.* The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or

the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame."

Quotations

"Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their

whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier."

Style *

Oratorical — profuse — sparkling — self-confident.

"It was arranged with but few appliances except the con-

* See outline of "Morley's Essay on Macaulay," page 18.

secrated antithetic balance, was 'classical' in diction, and only ornamented so far as vocabulary goes by a very liberal use of proper names, slightly fatiguing by its 'snip-snap,' . . . but perfectly clear. . . . Suggestion it has none. What Macaulay meant the reader understands at once and to the very full. Not a foot-pound of effort is lost. . . . In this respect no style can rank much higher."

Saintsbury.

Macaulay was a typical Englishman of his time — not a deep or abstract thinker — a practical politician — not ultra-scrupulous — a strong partisan — not a consummate critic — unable to grasp the finer shades of thought or imagination — had a prodigious memory — a great reader.

"He was in exact accord with the common average sentiment of his day on every subject on which he spoke."

Morley.

NOTE. — The quotations given contain some of the finest examples of Macaulay's balanced antitheses.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF MACAULAY'S "AN ESSAY ON ADDISON"

Author

Thomas Babington Macaulay

Born 1800 *Died* 1859

Occasion

The publication of Miss Aikin's "Life of Addison" (1843).

Purpose

To give a more correct idea of Addison as a man and a writer.

Point of View

That of an English Whig-Liberal of 1843, writing about a Whig author and statesman of 1700.

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

1–3. Miss Aikin's book has disappointed us.

II. BODY OF THE ESSAY

4. (While) Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity, . . . in a high department of literature . . . he has no equal.

5. He deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race.

6. His father, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, made some figure in the world, and was himself a writer of some little note.

7–9. Addison began his education in a local school, was sent to The Charter House, and finally to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his Latin verses.

10–16. Miss Aikin has overestimated his classical attainments. They were confined almost entirely to Latin poetry.

17–20. His Latin poems are of a high order. He imitated Virgil with great skill.

21–26. Addison's first attempts at English are not of a high order.

27–28. That Addison devoted himself to literature was due to the fact that his party, the Whigs, needed clever writers and took him up.

29–34. They gave him a pension and sent him to France to learn the language. There he saw Boileau, who praised his Latin verses.

35–41. He then visited Italy, where he got a hint for his "Cato."

42–44. He crossed the Alps, during which time he composed his metrical "Epistle to Lord Halifax."

45–46. By political changes his pension was stopped. He became tutor to a young Englishman and traveled

in Germany and Switzerland. There he composed his "Treatise on Medals," which Macaulay praises.

47–60. He returned to England, wrote the "Campaign" (of Blenheim), in which he departed from the ridiculous style of Homeric descriptions of battles which had obtained up to that time, published his pleasing "Travels in Italy," and the "Opera of Rosamund," which Macaulay commends.

61–66. In 1705, he went into office with the Whigs, and, in 1708, became a Member of Parliament, where he failed as a debater; yet in about nine years he became Secretary of State. He was a fine conversationalist and one of the most popular men of his time.

67–71. He was, perhaps, excessively fond of admiration.

72–74. He became Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

75–80. In 1709, he became a contributor to Steel's *Tatler* — the true beginning of his literary career.

81–91. As a moral satirist, he stands unrivaled. Contrast with Swift and Voltaire.

92–96. The Whig Ministry fell, and none of the Whigs suffered more in the general wreck than Addison, yet he stood well with the Tories.

97–105. Steele discontinued the *Tatler* and started the *Spectator*, to which Addison contributed the best papers, which approach near to absolute perfection. Steele then changed his paper to the *Guardian*, to which Addison contributed little. It soon failed.

106–113. He was then engaged on the "Cato," which when brought out was praised by Whigs and Tories alike. To it Macaulay gives but moderate praise.

114–116. The "Cato" was coarsely attacked by one John Dennis and as vulgarly defended by Pope. Addison was silent.

117–119. Steele discontinued the *Guardian* and set up the *Englishman*, which, unsupported by Addison, failed. Addison added an eighth volume to the *Spectator*, which contains some of the best essays in the English language.

120–128. On the accession of George I., the Whigs returned, and Addison went again to Ireland as Chief Secretary. A coolness had arisen between Swift and Addison, but Addison showed his courage and kindness of heart by treating Swift generously when he was almost friendless.

129–130. Addison soon returned to England and produced the rather inferior play called the "Drummer," which was coldly received. He next published a political sheet called the *Freeholder*, which is entitled to first place among his political writings.

131–147. Pope became angry at Addison and satirized him as "Atticus."

148–160. Addison married the Countess of Warwick, with whom he was not (apparently) perfectly happy. Addison soon after became Secretary of State. His health failed. He carried on a political controversy with Steele in which Steele, at least, was very bitter.

160–167. In 1719, he died with perfect serenity and Christian resignation. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

III. CONCLUSION

"The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die." The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the allwise and all-powerful Friend who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love that casteth out fear. He died on the 17th of June, 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

"It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages, that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skillfully graven, appeared in Poet's Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's *Spectator*, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism."

Quotations

"To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of

principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

"He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis. It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favorite with the public as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montague said, that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own, that there was a charm in Addison's talk which could

be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Stella that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said, that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite, and the most mirthful, that could be imagined; that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation, said, that when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were Addison's great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and the softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, 'assented with civil leer,' and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works."

Style

"Macaulay's style was like Pope's . . . artificial by nature; deficient in flexibility and compass, as inferior to

Burke as Pope was to Dryden; below Johnson in elegance, and below Hume in combination of strength, polish, and simplicity, he had something which all three wanted, and has in consequence had a thousand readers for every one of theirs. . . . No one of these writers ever leaves us at a loss for his meaning, but they do not pointedly call attention to it. . . . We cannot read a page of his work without finding ourselves continually laying stress upon particular words, whether we will or no. To such perfection has he carried this practice that he seldom or never stands in need of italics, and his argument remains impressed upon the mind like a clearly marked tune upon the memory. So much indeed is this the case that in his later writings his style not unfrequently degenerates into a mere jig." *T. E. Kebbel.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF MORLEY'S "MACAULAY"[1]

Author

John Morley

Born 1838 *Living* 1904

Occasion

"At this moment we are all looking for the biography of an illustrious man of letters [Lord Macaulay]" (1876.)

Purpose

"Before taking up Mr. Trevelyan's two volumes, it is perhaps worth while . . . to ask ourselves shortly what kind of significance or value belongs to Lord Macaulay's achievements, and to what place he has a claim among the forces of English Literature."

[1] *This essay should be read to correct the impression made by reading the "Milton" and the "Addison." Immature students who read these are often led by the enormous vigor and the absolute lucidity of Macaulay to overvalue his style. While Mr. Morley, perhaps, tends to some degree to the other extreme, his estimate is pretty nearly in accord with that of the best critics of to-day. It should be said, however, that there is a tendency at present to place Macaulay in a higher rank than that which he has seemed to hold for the last quarter of a century.*

Point of View

"It is seventeen years since he died . . . and [we] may now think about his work with that perfect detachment which is impossible in the case of actual contemporaries."

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

This is merely a statement of: —

a. The occasion. *b*. Purpose. *c*. Point of view.

II. THE BODY OF THE ESSAY

a. MACAULAY'S POPULARITY.

1. Macaulay's vast popularity — due more to his style than his matter.

2. He and Mill the two masters of modern journalists. From Macaulay they have derived most of their vices; from Mill most of their virtues. (See quotations.)

3. This is not an account of Macaulay's own quality; what were virtues with him have often degenerated into vices in the hands of less gifted imitators.

4. He has set his stamp upon style in its widest sense, on what De Quincey described as organology; hence his immense influence on thought and temper.

b. ANALYSIS OF HIS STYLE.

1. He had a true genius for narration.

2. He possessed an astonishing copiousness of illustrative facts and figures.

3. His style is before all else the style of great literary knowledge.

4. His work abounds in what is substantially commonplace.

5. He was in exact accord with the common average sentiment of his day on every subject on which he spoke.

6. He was absolutely lacking in the spirit and power of analysis.

7. His is the oratorical style — the prose of spoken deliverance; its merits, great force and absolute transparency.

8. His geniality is not truly festive; it is merely a literary form.

9. His prose has a metallic hardness and brightness.

10. Macaulay compared to Carlyle, to the advantage of the latter.

11. Macaulay abounds in harsh modulations and shallow cadences.

12. These qualities compared to the melody of Burke's prose, or the ease, smoothness, and naturalness of Southey's.

13. His faults of intellectual conscience: excess of color, exaggeration, etc.

14. He was sometimes guilty of gross and offensive vulgarity of thought, (*e.g.* an incident in the "Addison," his treatment of Boswell and of Lucretius), his strenuous superlatives.

III. CONCLUSION

"If we think what a changed sense is already given to criticism, what a different conception now presides over history, how many problems on which Macaulay was silent are now the familiar puzzles of even superficial readers, we cannot help feeling that the eminent man, whose life we are all about to read, is the hero of a past already remote, and that he did little to make men better fitted to face a present of which, close as it was to him, he seems hardly to have dreamed."

Quotations

"It might perhaps be said of these two distinguished men that our public writers owe most of their virtues to the one, and most of their vices to the other. If Mill taught some of them to reason, Macaulay tempted more of them to declaim; if Mill set an example of patience, tolerance, and fair examination of hostile opinions, Macaulay did much to encourage oracular arrogance and a too thrasonical complacency; if Mill sowed ideas of the great economic, political, and moral bearings of the forces of society, Macaulay trained a taste for superficial particularities, trivial circumstantialities of local color, and all the paraphernalia of the pseudo-picturesque."

"The spirit of analysis is not in him, and the divine spirit of meditation is not in him. His whole mind runs in action and movement; it busies itself with eager interest in all objective particulars. He is seized by the

external and the superficial, and revels in every detail that appeals to the five senses."

"[The reader] will be astonished to see how large a portion of the wide historic realm is traversed in that ample flight of reference, allusion, and illustration, and what unsparing copiousness of knowledge gives substance, meaning, and attraction to that resplendent blaze of rhetoric."

"We are always quite sure that if Macaulay had been an Athenian toward the ninety fifth Olympiad, he would have taken sides with Anytus and Meletus in the impeachment of Socrates."

"He seeks Truth, not as she should be sought, devoutly, tentatively, and with the air of one touching the hem of a sacred garment, but clutching her by the hair of the head and dragging her after him in a kind of boisterous triumph, a prisoner of war and not a goddess."

"A writer who is trenchant in every sentence of every page, who never lapses for a single line into the contingent, who marches through the intricacies of things in a blaze of certainty, is not only a writer to be distrusted, but the owner of a doubtful and displeasing style. It is a great test of style to watch how an author disposes of the qualifications, limitations, and exceptions that clog the wings of his main proposition. . . . Macaulay dispatches all qualifications into outer space before he begins to write, or if he magnanimously admits one or two here and there,

it is only to bring them the more imposingly to the same murderous end."

Style

No living British author is more eminently fitted to give a correct estimate of Macaulay and Macaulay's style than John Morley. Like Macaulay, he is not only a critic, a historian, and an all-round man of letters, but also a practical statesman. It goes without saying that he has tried to avoid those blemishes of style which he condemns in Macaulay.

Below is given a brief summary of the qualities of his style as they appear in this essay.

1. Vocabulary — characterized by copiousness and range. Words are often paired to secure clearness, harmony, and force.

2. Sentences — have variety, balance, swing and cadence, compactness and emphasis.

3. Paragraphs — are of medium length, compact, and possess coherence and unity.

4. Both paragraphs and sentences are frequently paired antithetically.

5. Figures, especially of similarity and contrast, are abundant.

6. Morley's faults are that his copiousness sometimes runs into redundancy, and his efforts to be picturesque sometimes result in mixed metaphors.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF CARLYLE'S "AN ESSAY ON BURNS"

Author

Thomas Carlyle

Born 1795 *Died* 1881

Occasion

The publication of Lockhart's "Life of Burns."

Purpose

To give a new estimate of Burns as a man and as a poet.

Point of View

That of a Scotch prose writer dealing with the life and writings of a Scotch poet.

The lives of Burns and Carlyle had many points of similarity. They were born and reared in the same region and in about the same grade of society; both were ambitious for literary fame; both had a long and hard struggle for recognition; and both, during the early part of their careers, felt themselves neglected. When this essay was written, Carlyle had barely secured a foothold among publishers, and was comparatively unknown. All this made him a peculiarly fit person to give a sympa-

thetic estimate of the character, if not of the works, of Burns. With all its faults, this essay remains to this day an authority.

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

1. A man of genius frequently during his lifetime asks for bread and receives a stone; but there is generally a posthumous retribution (compensation).

2. Lockhart's Life — too early to measure Burns by any true standard.

3. Former biographers. Discussion of Dr. Currie's and Mr. Walker's biographies of Burns.

4. Lockhart's, with all its deficiencies, gives more insight into the true character of Burns than any prior biography.

5. The problem of Burns' biography is far from being adequately solved.

II. BODY OF THE ESSAY

I

6. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which he labored, Burns was a true British poet, and one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century.

7. Burns was a man of Titanic genius. It is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man, that Burns interests and affects us.

8. Through life he enacted a tragedy, and that one of the deepest.

9. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of

making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own was not given.

II

10. The real worth of his poetry attested by its wide and increasing popularity.

11. The excellence of Burns is based upon his Sincerity, his indisputable air of Truth.

12. This principle of Sincerity and Truth is easy to discover but hard to apply. Example, Byron.

13. No man, not even Burns, is wholly unaffected: witness his Letters.

14. Burns' poetry has another peculiar merit; this displays itself in his indifference as to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting.

15. For the true poet, the elements of his art are in him and around him on every hand.

16. In this respect Burns shows himself at least a poet of Nature's own making; and Nature, after all, is still the grand agent in making poets.

17. Every genius is an impossibility till he appears: it is not the material, but the workman, that is wanting.

18. A certain rugged, sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written.

19. Some examples of this are given, especially of his graphic, descriptive power.

20. Burns is not more distinguished by the clearness than by the impetuous force of his conceptions.

21. A resolute force is ever visible in his judgments and in his feelings and volitions.

22. The intellectual gifts of Burns were fine as well as strong.

23. A quotation gives an instance of this.

24. In the Poetry of Burns keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling; his *light* is not more pervading than his *warmth*. Burns, indeed, lives in *sympathy*.

25. The Indignation which makes verses is, properly speaking, an inverted Love, — the love of some right, some worth, some goodness which has been injured.

26. Burns' power to express indignation is of a high order.

27. "Bannockburn" is the best war ode ever written by any pen.

28. "Macpherson's Farewell," another stormful Song, dwells in our ear and mind with a strange tenacity.

29. In Burns there are traits of Humor as fine as that of Sterne; yet altogether different, original, peculiar.

III

30. "Tam o' Shanter" is not so much a poem as a piece of sparkling rhetoric.

31. "The Jolly Beggars" is the most strictly poetical of all his works.

IV

32. By far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns are to be found among his Songs.

33. They are actually and of themselves music. He is the first of all our Song-writers.

34. Burns' chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend upon his Songs.

35. The great influence of Burns upon Scottish literature is shown by its remarkable increase of nationality.

36. For a long time after Scotland became British we had no Literature.

37. Our chief literary men no longer live among us like a French Colony, or some knot of Propaganda Missionaries.

V

38. Burns' life is more interesting than his works.

39. There is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest; for to the last moment he cannot reach the only true happiness of a man, that of clear, decided Activity in the sphere for which, by nature and circumstances, he has been fitted and appointed.

40. This is not said in dispraise of Burns; this blessing is not given soonest to the best.

41. The early life of Burns: a little schooling might have changed the whole course of British Literature.

42. Burns, like many another, sowed his wild oats. Was it necessary?

43. By means of religious controversy, Burns awakened in his mind scruples about Religion itself.

44. Burns' appearance among the sages and nobles of Edinburgh was almost like the appearance of some

Napoleon among the crowned sovereigns of modern Politics.

45. Lockhart's account of it: "He manifested in the whole strain of his conversation a most thorough conviction, that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation he was exactly where he was entitled to be."

46–51. Scott's reminiscence of it: "I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station or information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment."

52. This visit had a bad effect upon Burns. From this time a jealous, indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him.

53. It maddened his heart still more with the fever of worldly Ambition.

54. The Farm and Excise scheme: It was no failure of external means, but of internal, that overtook Burns.

55. He begins well. Had the "patrons of genius" but let him alone!

56. These men were, as we believe, proximately the cause of his ruin.

57. He comes into collision with certain official Superiors; his character before the world begins to suffer; calumny is busy with him.

58. An account of his social ostracism is quoted.

59. Yet Burns and those fine ladies and gentlemen now sleep peacefully side by side!

60. It was not now to be hoped that the genius of Burns would ever reach its full maturity.

61. Nature could only for a limited time maintain this dark and maddening warfare against the world and itself; so he passed, not softly yet speedily, into that still country where hail-storms and fire showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load!

III. CONCLUSION

62. It seems dubious whether the richest, the wisest, the most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help.

63. Nor do we accuse the higher ranks among us of having ruined Burns by their selfish neglect of him; yet something might have been done.

64. Nor does the blame of Burns' failure lie chiefly with the world: it has ever shown but small favor to its teachers.

65. The blame lies with himself.

66. The chief error of Burns was the want of unity in his purposes, of consistency in his aims.

67. Nor was his poverty the cause; others have been even worse off and succeeded.

68. These others had a true, deep, religious principle of morals; and a single aim.

69. Part of this superiority these men owed to their age.

70. Burns loved poetry warmly but not purely: therefore he failed of his highest development.

71. He attempted to divide his time between poetry and rich men's banquets.

72. Wealth can neither make poetry nor make poets happy. They cannot serve God and Mammon.

73. Byron and Burns: He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem.

74. The public moral character of Burns: he was not guiltier than the average.

75. His Works, even as they are, will not pass away from the memory of men.

NOTE. — The structure of this Essay is irregular; the paragraphs are loosely connected; the paragraphs themselves are lacking in unity and coherence; the sentences are so "loose" as to seem on the point of falling apart.

This makes it almost impossible to give any sort of an analysis of it. I have, therefore, chosen, where it seemed possible, a sentence from each paragraph which seemed to give at least an important part of the sense of the paragraph, and to agree in meaning with the purport of the whole essay. I believe that one reading over this outline will get practically all that is contained in it. I have not thought it best to distinguish the exact words of the author from the few which I have added.

Quotations

"It is on his Songs, as we believe, that Burns' chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend: nor, if our Fletcher's aphorism is true, shall we account

this a small influence. 'Let me make the songs of a people,' said he, 'and you shall make its laws.' Surely, if ever any Poet might have equalled himself with Legislators on this ground, it was Burns. His Songs are already part of the mother-tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-colored joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe, is the name and voice which Burns has given them. Strictly speaking, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men, as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest.

"In another point of view, moreover, we incline to think that Burns' influence may have been considerable: we mean, as exerted specially on the Literature of his country, at least on the Literature of Scotland. Among the great changes which British, particularly Scotch Literature, has undergone since that period, one of the greatest will be found to consist in its remarkable increase of nationality.

"For a long period after Scotland became British, we had no Literature. . . . With Sir Walter Scott at the head of our Literature, it cannot be denied that much of this evil is past, or rapidly passing away: our chief literary men, whatever other faults they may have, no longer live among us like a French Colony, or some knot of Propaganda Missionaries; but like natural-born subjects of the

soil, partaking and sympathizing in all our attachments, humors and habits. Our literature no longer grows in water but in mold, and with the true racy virtues of the soil and climate. How much of this change may be due to Burns, or to any other individual, it might be difficult to estimate."

Style

"These essays on Burns and Scott are two sermons on life, *often rambling, always full of repetition, saying, in Carlyle's way, what another man of equal genius and power could have said as vigorously, but more clearly and simply, therefore better, in half the number of words.* But that other man of equal genius and power, wherever he may be, has not written an essay upon Burns. We must take Carlyle as he is, learn to distinguish, as Jeffrey did, between differences that are radical and those which are only formal. Carlyle's style was his own; *in these essays, perhaps, only incipient Carlylese;* his genius and his earnest right-minded struggle with the problems of the life of man were his own also. The readers of these essays should draw near their writer, mind to mind, soul to soul, live with him his best life while they read the *rhetoric that,* always right-minded and often joined to strains of highest eloquence, *sometimes confuses alike writer and reader. I doubt very much whether, after having written his essay on Burns, Carlyle clearly knew whether he had or had not meant to say that Burns should have chosen between Ellisland and Mount Parnassus.*

Sometimes we seem to be clearly told that he should have given himself up to the Muses and made poetry his only calling. At other times we are told that he could not be other than he was. Carlyle, on the whole, preaches with deep earnestness the truth as it is in man. A hint in the facts of any life may set him off on a new burst of homily, *and though all the winds blow health, they do not all blow in the same direction.*" *Henry Morley.*

"There is in Carlyle's fiercer and more serious passages a fiery glow of enthusiasm or indignation, in his lighter ones a quaint felicity of unexpected humor, in his expositions a vividness of presentment, in his arguments a sledge-hammer force, all of which are not to be found together anywhere else, and none of which is to be found anywhere in quite the same form. And despite the savagery, both of his indignation and his laughter, there is no greater master of tenderness. Wherever he is at home, and he seldom wanders far from it, the weapon of Carlyle is like none other, — it is the very sword of Goliath."

Saintsbury.

"For ordinary purposes Carlyle's style is as bad as it can be. His only excuse for capitalizing many of the words he does is his desire to make words seem to mean more than ordinarily they do mean. His words seem to come with the utmost difficulty, and indeed we read that writing with him was a constant pain. He appears constantly to violate his own theory as expressed in 'Char-

acteristics,' that Art should be unconscious, for in his writings he is often too painfully conscious.

"We can understand Carlyle's style only when we consider its object. He was a preacher, and it was his mission to compel the attention of men to thoughts and duties he knew they would be very loath to give heed to. Oddity, mystery, abruptness, a dictatorial tone under such conditions, are not only justifiable, but necessary. They constitute the best art. So long as they are not a mere affectation, but are the sign-symbol of a great utterance and a high duty, they are but the means of gaining the attention without which the whole communication of thought would have proved fruitless." *Cody.*

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF IRVING'S "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND"

Author

Washington Irving

Born 1783 *Died* 1859

Occasion

Irving's visit to England.

Purpose

To exhibit English life and character as they appeared to him.

Point of View

That of a cultivated American.

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

1. A correct opinion cannot be formed from life in London — must visit the country also.

2. London a mere gathering place for polite classes a part of the year.

II. BODY

1. Feeling for rural life inherent in the English.

2. Englishman in town presents an unfavorable side of his character.

3. In the country, the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings.

4. English taste for landscape gardening unrivaled.

5. Magnificence of English park scenery.

6. The rudest habitation becomes a little paradise.

7. Due to residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country.

8. Salutary effect on national character.

9. Nothing mean and debasing in rural occupation.

10. Hence the rural feeling that pervades British literature.

11. Effect upon face of the country wonderful.

12. The great charm of English scenery is the moral feeling that pervades it.

13. A rural church is a pleasant sight on Sunday morning.

III. CONCLUSION

"It is this sweet home feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments."

Quotations

"In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar."

"The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her — they have wooed her in her most secret haunts — they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze — a leaf could not rustle to the ground — a diamond drop could not patter in the stream — a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality."

Style

This essay exhibits coherence, unity, grace, charm, and hints at pathos, but shows no trace of that quiet humor which often pervades his work.

Irving's chief faults were a tendency to sentimentality and to an overgraciousness of style that sometimes offends by its apparent artificiality. This tendency is barely discernible in this essay. Rural life is not quite all he paints it to be.

His use of words and handling of sentences give to his work that inimitable charm which escapes analysis.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE LAST CHAPTER OF STEVENSON'S "AMATEUR EMIGRANT"

Author

Robert Louis Stevenson

Born 1850 *Died* 1894

Occasion

His trip across the Atlantic as a steerage passenger.

Purpose

To sum up that experience in attractive literary form.

Point of View

That of an English gentleman.

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

Travel of two kinds — out of one's country — out of one's social class.

II. BODY

1. I had . . . fallen in life with absolute success and verisimilitude — a mere steerage passenger.

2. To the saloon passengers, also, I sustained my part without a hitch.

3. With the women also — previous experience — was precisely the average man of the steerage.

4. To the officers I appeared in the light of a broad joke — because I wrote much.

5. My choice of a roosting place — an eccentricity.

6. On the whole my new position sat lightly and naturally upon my spirits — greedy for small delicacies.

7. Steerage passengers — manners as gentle and becoming as those of any other class — difference of usage — point of view — gallery boxes.

8. Some of my fellow-passengers . . . seemed excellent gentlemen — in steerage as in saloon there is a mixture.

9. Political blindness no distinction — all are so; one political question — money.

10. Some poor under any circumstances.

11. Surprising idleness of average workman — candor with which he confesses it.

12. Story of the "tapper."

13. Skulking, shirking, malingering — established tactics.

14. Workingmen good talkers.

15. His talk more interesting — because more elemental.

Conclusion

"The difference between England and America to a workingman was thus most humanly put to me by a fellow-passenger: 'In America,' said he, 'you get pies and puddings.' I do not hear enough in economy books about pies and puddings. A man lives in and for the delicacies, adornments, and accidental attributes of life, such as pudding to eat and pleasant books and theaters to occupy his leisure. The bare terms of existence would be rejected with contempt by all. . . . There is more adventure in the life of a workingman who descends as a common soldier into the battle of life, than in that of a millionaire who sits apart in an office, like Von Moltke, and only directs the maneuvers by telegraph. Give me to hear about the career of him who is in the thick of the business; to whom one change of market means an empty belly, and another a copious and savory meal."

Quotations

"Culture is not measured by the greatness of the field which is covered by our knowledge, but by the nicety with which we can perceive relations in that field, whether great or small."

"The cause of everything in England was the form of government, and the cure for all evils was, by consequence, a revolution."

"They would not hear of improvement on their part, but wished the world made over again in a crack, so that

they might remain improvident and idle and debauched, and yet enjoy the comfort and respect that should accompany the opposite virtues; and it was in this expectation, as far as I could see, that many of them were now on their way to America."

Style

Stevenson's use of words has the following striking characteristics: —

1. Plain homely phrasing (without a hitch — humble rig, etc.).
2. Pairing of words (success and verisimilitude, etc.).
3. New combinations of common words giving an antique flavor (a mere common human man).
4. Intentional oddness of phrasing (engaged upon a roof).
5. Slight but pleasing redundancy arising largely from pairing.

Stevenson's sentences exhibit: —

1. Calm deliberateness (note effect of the abundance of compound sentences).
2. Simplicity of structure.
3. Antique effect.
4. Remarkable uniformity of length (average 25+).

Style characterized by simplicity, deliberateness, freshness of view, antique touch. (*Adapted from Brewster.*)

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF WEBSTER'S "BUNKER HILL ORATION"

Author

Daniel Webster

Born 1782 *Died* 1852

Occasion

Laying the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument.

Purpose

To urge love for and the preservation of the Union.

Point of View

That of an American statesman — a Unionist.

Analysis

I. INTRODUCTION

1. The feeling excited —
   (*a*) By the occasion.
   (*b*) By the local associations.

2. Our feeling of personal interest in the history of this continent —
   (*a*) Its discovery.
   (*b*) The English settlements.
   (*c*) The American Revolution.

II. THE BODY OF THE ADDRESS

a. The Society and the Monument

1. The purpose of the society.
2. The object of the monument.

b. Ours an Extraordinary Age

1. As shown by the growth and development of our own country.
2. As shown by a mighty revolution in Europe and in South America.
3. As shown by the general progress of knowledge.
4. Connecting paragraph: we have some among us who were active agents in the battle of Bunker Hill and have witnessed all these changes.

c. The Address to the Veterans

1. Address to the living veterans.
2. Reference to their dead comrades — Prescott, Putnam, etc.
3. Encomium on Warren.
4. Continuation of the address to the living veterans.

d. The Battle

1. Events leading up to the battle and its effects.

e. Lafayette

1. Address to Lafayette.

f. Reflections on the Great Changes since the Battle

1. Nations now participate in a common progress.

2. A chief distinction of our age is a community of knowledge and ideas.

3. Resulting in important improvements in the personal condition of individuals.

4. And in political changes highly favorable to human liberty and happiness.

5. The character of our people admirably calculated for setting a great example of popular government — moderation evinced in our Revolution.

6. Notwithstanding excesses committed in other cases, the results founded upon popular enlightenment are likely to be permanent.

7. Everywhere there is a demand for representative government.

8. And a conviction that the powers of government are a trust to be exercised for the good of the people.

9. The universal spread of enlightenment makes public opinion a power for peace.

10. As shown in the treatment of the Greek revolution.

11. The South American revolution — the growth of enterprise, intelligence, and power of the South America states.

III. CONCLUSION

1. Let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit produced by our example.

2. Our failure means the knell of popular liberty throughout the earth.

3. In our country any other system is impossible.

4. See "Quotations."

Quotations

"And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. *But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation;* and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not per-

form something worthy to be remembered. *Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony.* In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that *these twenty-four states are one country.* Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. *Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!*"

Style

"In the first Bunker Hill oration Mr. Webster touched his highest point in the difficult task of commemorative oratory. In that field he not only stands unrivaled, but no one has approached him. The innumerable productions of this class by other men, many of a high degree of excellence, are forgotten, while those of Webster form part of the education of every American schoolboy, are widely read, and have entered into the literature and thought of the country." *Henry Cabot Lodge's* "Webster."

"Who does not rank him as a great American author? Against the maxim of Mr. Fox his speeches read well, and yet were good speeches — great speeches in delivery. So

critically do they keep the right side of the line which parts eloquence from rhetoric, and so far do they rise above the penury of mere debate, that the general reason of the country has enshrined them at once, and forever, among our classics." *Rufus Choate's* "Eulogy on Webster."

"His speech had strength, force, and dignity; his composition was clear, rational, strengthened by a powerful imagination — in his great orations 'the lightning of passion running along the iron links of argument.' The one lesson which they teach to the youth of America is self-respect, a manly consciousness of power, expressed simply and directly — to look for the substantial qualities of the thing, and utter them distinctly as they are felt intensely. This was the sum of the art which Webster used in his orations." *E. A. Duyckinck.*

"Webster's style is remarkable for clearness of statement. It is singularly emphatic. It is impressive rather than brilliant, and occasionally rises to absolute grandeur. It is evidently formed on the higher English models; and the reader conjectures his love of Milton from the noble simplicity of his language. Independent of their logical and rhetorical merit, these orations are invaluable from the nationality of their tone and spirit. They awaken patriotic reflection and sentiment, and are better adapted to warn, to enlighten, and to cheer the consciousness of the citizen, than any American works, of a didactic kind, yet produced." *H. T. Tuckerman.*

"Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee-Englishman; such limbs we make in Yankee-land. As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous craglike face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed: — I have not seen so much of silent Berserker-rage, that I remember of, in any other man."

Carlyle to Emerson.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF BACON'S "ON STUDIES"

Author

Francis Bacon — Lord Verulam

Born 1561 *Died* 1626

Occasion

Bacon was in the habit of jotting down under appropriate headings every clever sentence which he himself thought of or heard from others. In time, these collections amounted to a sufficient number to form brief essays. It is probable that he then undertook to rearrange them in a logical order, and that when this had been done, he realized that these collections were excellent and unlike anything then in existence. In 1597, he published them in a small volume of "Essays." In 1625, he issued a new enlarged and revised edition.

Purpose

The "essays" were not, at first, consciously "composed." The original "purpose" of collecting the "apophthegms," as he called them, was that he might use them in conversation. Like many of the scholars of the time, he was ambitious to shine as a conversationalist and to win fame

as an author. When he saw the excellence of the collections of "apophthegms" with which he was in the habit of ornamenting his conversation, he determined to make them win for him the more permanent fame of an author, and, in publishing them, he invented the English "essay."

Point of View

That of a scholarly English gentleman and man of affairs of the Elizabethan age.

Summary[1]

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. . . . They teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation."

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

"Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."

Conclusion

So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.[2]

[1] This essay is so condensed, so full of matter, that it is almost impossible to give a brief and satisfactory summary. I have, therefore, chosen those sentences which seem to give most nearly the general ideas of the whole composition.

[2] There are many versions of this essay, each differing slightly from the others. This sentence was taken from a version not given here.

On Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in the quiet of private life; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and to confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested — that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that

would be only in less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a *full* man, conversation a *ready* man, and writing an *exact* man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Studies pass into character: so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away ever so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. Indeed there is no impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, as diseases of the body may, by appropriate exercises.

Style

"The merits of his style, as of every other style in that age, are variously estimated. Addison praises his grace, Hume calls him stiff and rigid, and many persons would be unable to see that either of these criticisms has any peculiar application.

"Bacon's range of subjects was wide, and his command of words within that range as great as any man could have acquired.

"His sentences are shorter and more pointed [than Hooker's], and being comparatively free from pedantic inversions, have a more modern flow.

"[His] paragraphs are, comparatively, very good; he has a sense of method and arrangement." *Minto.*

"Of all English prose writers, Bacon is the most condensed. . . . Emerson was the same sort of writer that Bacon was, but he wrote in an age when people read too hurriedly and too extensively to permit the classic brevity of Bacon to have its just effect." *Cody.*

"In simplicity, clearness, and force, Bacon probably excelled any English prose writer of his age, and falls little below the best of any age."

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LINCOLN'S "GETTYSBURG ADDRESS"

Author

Abraham Lincoln

Born 1809 *Died* April 14, 1865

Occasion

The dedication of the Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Purpose

To urge the Northern people to continue the war for the Union with new vigor and determination, — "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people (should) not perish from the earth."

Point of View

That of a Northern Union man — a Republican of the time — intrusted with the highest interests of the nation.

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

1. The ideals which created our government.

II. THE BODY OF THE ADDRESS

2. The present Civil War a test of the power and permanency of those ideals.

3. The purpose of the meeting.

4. We can only confirm what has already been accomplished.

5. But we can "dedicate ourselves to the yet unfinished work."

III. CONCLUSION

6. If we succeed, "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The Address

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

"We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave

men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Style

Everything considered, this speech has seldom been equaled, never surpassed. Its simplicity and power are beyond praise. In condensation — in fullness of thought — it can be compared only with the essays of Bacon, and the lectures and essays of Emerson. Edward Everett read at the same time and place an address forty pages long. He was an elegant scholar and an eloquent orator, yet his speech is seldom read or spoken of now. Lincoln's speech will be considered one of the finest gems of English literature so long as our nation endures and our language is heard upon the earth. Possibly,

some of its fame is due to Lincoln's position and his subsequent melancholy death. But assuredly it would hold its rank as literature had he been a simple citizen who died peacefully in his bed.

Mr. Lowell, surely a competent judge, says: "He is so eminently a representative man, that, when he speaks, it seems as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud. The dignity of his thought owes nothing to any ceremonial garb of words, but to the manly movement that comes of settled purpose and an energy of reason that knows not what rhetoric means."

"Washington, though in some ways an even greater man than Lincoln, did not have Lincoln's wonderful gift of expression — that gift which makes certain speeches of the rail-splitter from Illinois read like the inspired utterances of the great Hebrew seers and prophets. But he had all of Lincoln's sound common sense, far-sightedness, and devotion to a lofty ideal. Like Lincoln he sought after the noblest objects, and like Lincoln he sought after them by thoroughly practical methods. These two greatest Americans can fairly be called the best among the great men of the world, and greatest among the good men of the world. Each showed in actual practice his capacity to secure under our system the priceless union of individual liberty with governmental strength. Each was as free from the vices of the tyrant as from the vices of the demagogue."

Theodore Roosevelt.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LINCOLN'S "SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS"

Author

Abraham Lincoln

Born 1809 *Died* April 14, 1865

Occasion

His second inauguration as President of the United States (March 4, 1865).

Purpose

To set forth the policy of the coming administration.

Point of View

That of a Northern Union man determined to carry on the war to a successful issue.

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

1. The course of the government for the past four years sufficiently indicates its course in the immediate future.

2. The military situation.

II. BODY OF THE SPEECH

3. Conditions four years ago.

4. Comparison of the two parties then existing.

5. What the end will be, and how long delayed, God alone can decide.

III. CONCLUSION

6. What remains to be done.

The Address

"Fellow-countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

"The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impend-

ing civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

"One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let

us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

"The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all

which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Style

"We have said something of Lincoln as a man and as the leader of a great cause. We desire now to dwell upon a point which is often neglected in considering the career of the hero of the Union, but which, from the point of view of letters, is of absorbing interest. No criticism of Mr. Lincoln can be in any sense adequate which does not deal with his astonishing power over words. It is not too much to say of him that he is among the greatest masters of prose ever produced by the English race. Self-educated, or rather not educated at all in the ordinary sense, as he was, he contrived to obtain an insight and power in the handling of the mechanism of letters such as has been given to few men in his, or, indeed, in any age. That the gift of oratory should be a natural gift is understandable enough, for the methods of the orator, like those of the poet, are primarily sensuous, and may well be instinctive. Mr. Lincoln's achievement seems to show that no less is the writing of prose an endowment of nature. Mr. Lincoln did not get his ability to handle prose through his gift of speech. That these are separate, though coördinate, faculties, is a matter beyond dispute, for many of the great orators of the world have proved themselves exceedingly inefficient in the matter of deliberate composition. Mr. Lincoln enjoyed both gifts. His

letters, dispatches, memoranda, and written addresses are even better than his speeches; and in speaking thus of Mr. Lincoln's prose, we are not thinking merely of certain pieces of inspired rhetoric. We do not praise his work because, like Mr. Bright, he could exercise his power of coining illuminating phrases as effectively upon paper as on the platform. It is in his conduct of the pedestrian portions of composition that Mr. Lincoln's genius for prose style is exhibited. Mr. Bright's writing cannot claim to answer the description which Hazlitt has given of the successful prose-writer's performance. Mr. Lincoln's can. What Hazlitt says is complete and perfect in definition. He tells us that the prose-writer so uses his pen 'that he loses no particle of the exact characteristic extreme impression of the thing he writes about;' and with equal significance he points out that 'the prose-writer is master of his materials,' as 'the poet is the slave of his style.' If these words convey a true definition, then Mr. Lincoln is a master of prose. Whatever the subject he has in hand, whether it be bald or impassioned, business-like or pathetic, we feel that we 'lose no particle of the exact characteristic extreme impression' of the thing written about. We have it all, and not merely a part. Every line shows that the writer is master of his materials; that he guides the words, never the words him. This is, indeed, the predominant note throughout all Mr. Lincoln's work. We feel that he is like the engineer who controls some mighty reservoir.

As he desires, he opens the various sluice gates, but for no instant is the water not under his entire control. We are sensible in reading Mr. Lincoln's writings, that an immense force is gathered up behind him, and that in each jet that flows, every drop is meant. Some writers only leak; others half flow through determined channels, half leak away their words like a broken lock when it is emptying. The greatest, like Mr. Lincoln, send out none but clear-shaped streams.

"The 'Second Inaugural' — a written composition, though read to the citizens from the steps of the Capitol — well illustrates our words. Mr. Lincoln had to tell his countrymen that, after a four years' struggle, the war was practically ended. The four years' agony, the passion of love which he felt for his country, his joy in her salvation, his sense of tenderness for those who fell, of pity mixed with sternness for the men who had deluged the land with blood, — all the thoughts these feelings inspired were behind Lincoln, pressing for expression. A writer of less power would have been overwhelmed. Lincoln remained master of the emotional and intellectual situation. In three or four hundred words, that burn with the heat of their compression, he tells the history of the war and reads its lesson. No nobler thoughts were ever conceived. No man ever found words more adequate to his desire. Here is the whole tale of the nation's shame and misery, of her heroic struggles to free herself therefrom, and of her victory. Had Lincoln written a hundred times

as much more, he could not have said more fully what he desired to say. Every thought receives its complete expression, and there is no word employed which does not directly and manifestly contribute to the development of the central thought.

"As an example of Lincoln's more familiar style, we may quote from that inimitable series of letters to his generals to which we made allusion on a former occasion. The following letter was addressed to General Hooker on his being appointed to command the Army of the Potomac, after mismanagement and failure had made a change of generals absolutely necessary: —

"'I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that, during General Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and

honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit, which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.'

"It is possible that this letter may sound too severe in tone when read without the context. If, however, the condition of the army at the time and the intrigues of the various commanders are considered, it will be recognized as erring in no way on the side of harshness. The irony is particularly delightful, and in no sense forced. . . ."

The London Spectator.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF WASHINGTON'S "FAREWELL ADDRESS"

Author

George Washington

Born 1732 *Died* 1799

Occasion

The approach of the close of his administration and of a new election.

Purpose

To decline to be a candidate for third term and to give advice for future national guidance.

Point of View

That of the "Father of His Country."

Summary

I. INTRODUCTION

1. Declines to be a candidate for a third term.

2. Believes this declination compatible with his duty as a citizen.

3. His continuance in office has been a sacrifice of inclination to duty.

4. The state of internal and external affairs justifies this course.

5. Has discharged his trust to the best of his judgment and ability.

6. His gratitude for the support of the people during his administration.

II. THE BODY OF THE ADDRESS

1. Preliminary Remarks

1. Solicitude for the national welfare the reason for offering advice.

2. Reference to the American love of liberty.

2. Advice as to Internal Affairs

1. The importance of national unity — general statement.

2. Common beliefs, customs, and sufferings furnish a natural bond of union.

3. Necessity of union for economic and industrial growth and prosperity.

4. Necessity of union to preserve independence, insure domestic tranquillity, and render permanent our free republican institutions.

5. Necessity of faith in the possibility of adapting our republican institutions to our extended territory.

6. The danger of sectionalism — reference to the treaty with Spain.

7. Necessity of preserving our form of government as established by the Constitution.

8. The duty of every citizen to obey that government.

9. Dangers of the spirit of faction.

10. Dangers of the spirit of innovation.

11. Dangers of the spirit of party in general.

12. Let there be no encroachment by one department of government upon another.

13. Encourage individual morality and religion as the basis of national morality.

14. Promote the general diffusion of knowledge.

15. Cherish public credit.

3. Advice as to Foreign Policy

1. Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.

2. Avoid permanent antipathies against particular nations.

3. Avoid passionate attachment to any foreign nation.

4. Beware of foreign influence in domestic affairs.

5. Have as little permanent political connection with foreign nations as possible: their interests and ours are different.

6. Our geographical situation makes this course easy and desirable.

7. All existing engagements must be faithfully observed.

8. We should always keep ourselves in a respectable defensive posture.

9. In our commercial policy we should be impartial; it is folly for one nation to expect disinterested favors from another.

III. CONCLUSION

1. The hope that this advice will produce, at least, some partial benefit, some occasional good.

2. By these principles he has been guided in his official conduct.

3. The neutrality of our government as between England and France justified.

4. The necessity for prolonged peace in order to solidify our institutions and to increase our power.

5. Pleasing expectations of his own future and that of the nation.

Quotations

"Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

"Our detached and distinct situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause

the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

"Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

"Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

"Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial

hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

Style*

A good way to study the style of this "Address" is to compare it with Lincoln's "Gettysburg Speech" and the "Second Inaugural."

* The "Farewell Address" was written by Alexander Hamilton under the supervision of Washington. The style perhaps is Hamilton's; the ideas and the spirit are Washington's.

	WASHINGTON	LINCOLN
Words	Long, dignified, Latin	Mostly simple, every-day, Anglo-Saxon
Sentences . . .	Long (some exceed 100 words)	Very much shorter
Paragraphs . .	Not much	difference
Unity of paragraph and sentence .	Good, not perfect	Perfect
Clearness . . .	Clear	Very clear
Conciseness . .	Concise	Very concise
Force	Forcible	Very forcible
Coherence . . .	Not perfect	Perfect

Other comparisons can be made.

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